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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

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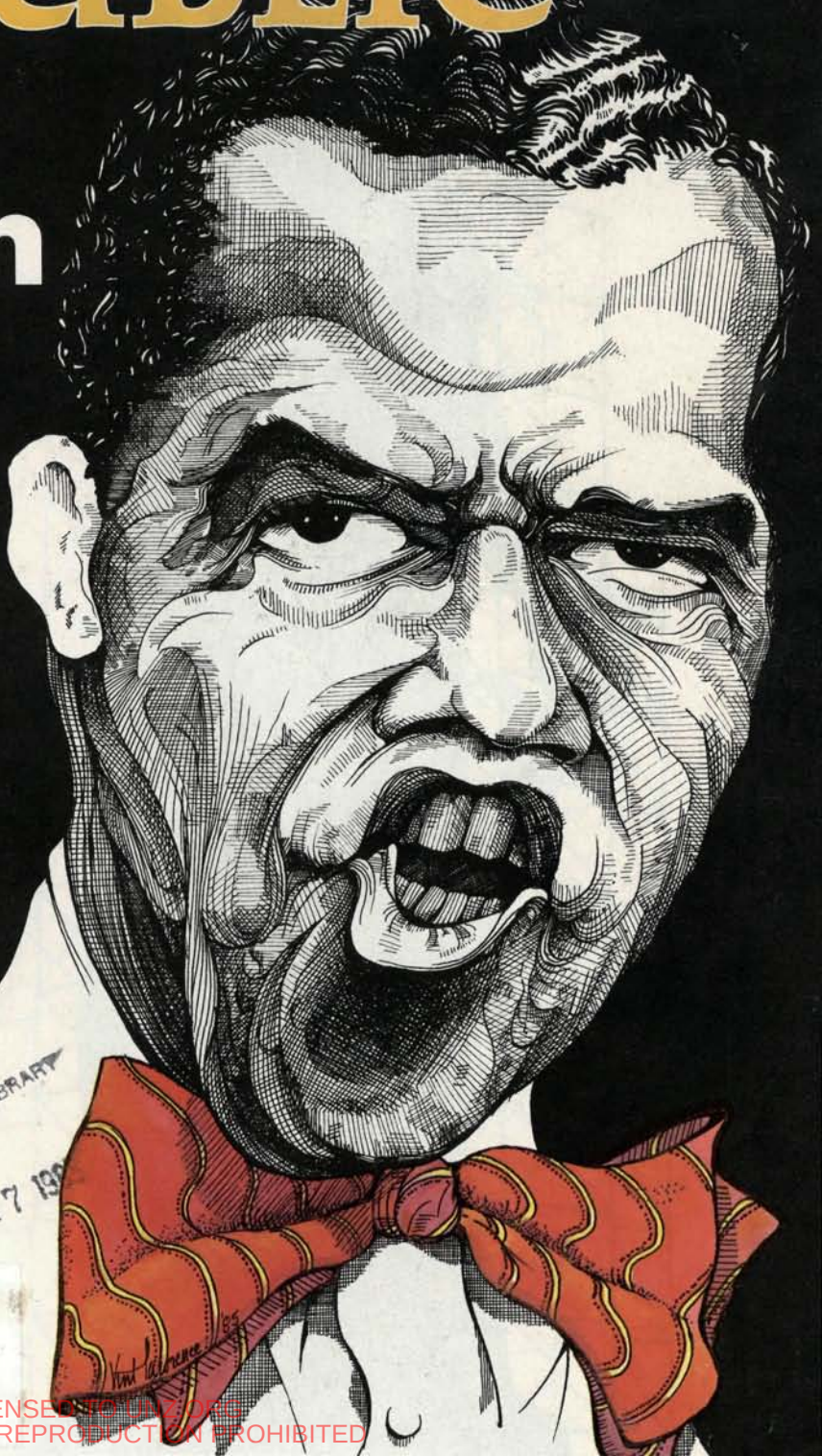
**Fred Barnes on Dealing With Demagogues**



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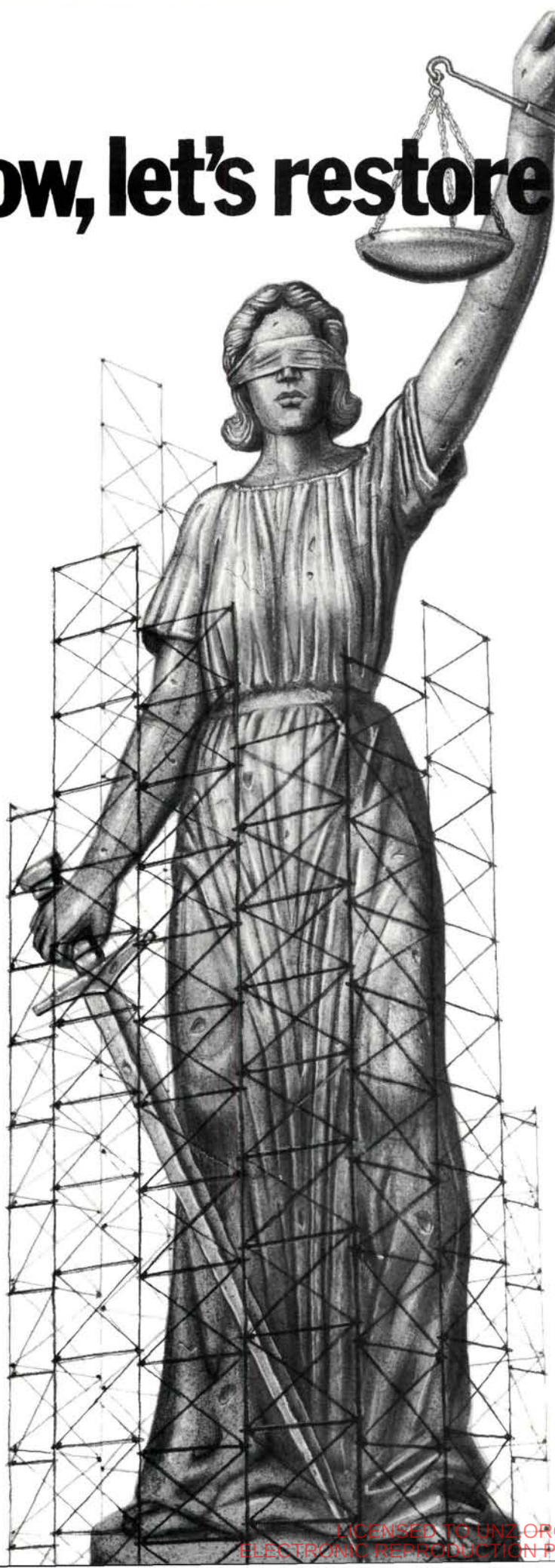

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FROM WASHINGTON

## WHO KILLED TAX REFORM?

Tax reform is an accident. If it actually happens, it will be a miracle. Facing the 1984 campaign, President Reagan didn't want to have to talk about why so many corporations aren't paying taxes. So he stuck a throwaway line in his January State of the Union address ordering the Treasury to study the tax code and report back (conveniently) after the election. While no one was paying any attention, professional tax theorists at Treasury worked up an ivory-pure reform plan. Released during the post-election, pre-Christmas news lull, it got enormous attention. Reagan, startled but pleased, seized tax reform as the kickoff issue of his second term.

When Reagan presented his revised plan on television in May, Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, gave the Democratic reply. He was forceful, charming, and ecstatically well received. Thus a formerly obscure Chicago hack politician got his first tastes of fame and statesmanship, and immediately got hooked on both. And thus, because Reagan and Rostenkowski both stumbled into it and are now deeply committed, we may get tax reform.

If we don't get tax reform, there will be plenty of people to blame, including these same two. But near the top of my list will be Mario Cuomo, governor of New York. Cuomo has led the effort to make this a partisan issue, with the Democrats on the wrong side. Cuomo's concern is preserving the deduction for state and local taxes. This is a tough policy question, with good arguments on both sides. But Cuomo has put his patented and increasingly tiresome moral gloss on it. Reagan's proposal, Cuomo says, "is devastating to the middle class." He charges that the plan taxes the middle class in order to "boost the rich."

In fact, most middle-class families will get a tax cut under the Reagan plan. It's true that high-income families will get a needless bigger cut, but the money isn't coming from the middle class. It's coming from corporations, which will pay considerably more. Anyway, the amounts involved, if spread among the huge middle class, would be trivial. More important, Cuomo's treasured deduction for state and local taxes also gives its greatest benefits to the affluent. Two-thirds of all taxpayers don't even get the deduction, because they don't itemize. People with incomes over $200,000, meanwhile, get an average deduction of $31,000!

Cuomo naturally isn't against tax reform. He favors what everyone favors: something called "tax reform but." As in, "I strongly support tax reform, but the special investment credit for bran muffin research is vital to our nation's supply of roughage." Thanks to all the but-heads, the reform proposal is looking more and more bedraggled. Reagan's revised version of May restored several key loopholes that had been eliminated in the original Treasury version of last November. Rostenkowski's variation on the Reagan plan, released last month, backs down on a few more.

Compromise, of course, is the politician's art. But compromise can destroy tax reform, rather than saving it. There are four reasons. First, whenever one interest group manages to kill a particular reform, all the other wolves smell blood. Reagan restored special breaks for the oil industry, and every other industry saw that the plan wasn't invulnerable. Now Rostenkowski has given in to the insurance companies and the municipal bond marketers. And there are at least half a dozen more stages in this process before it's done.

Second, each compromise undermines the premise of tax reform, which is that everyone gives up special breaks in favor of lower taxes overall. Industries that have supported reform all along feel like chumps when they see Rostenkowski restoring others' loopholes while raising overall corporate tax rates. Many of these industries are now opposed. The same is happening to individuals who see Ways and

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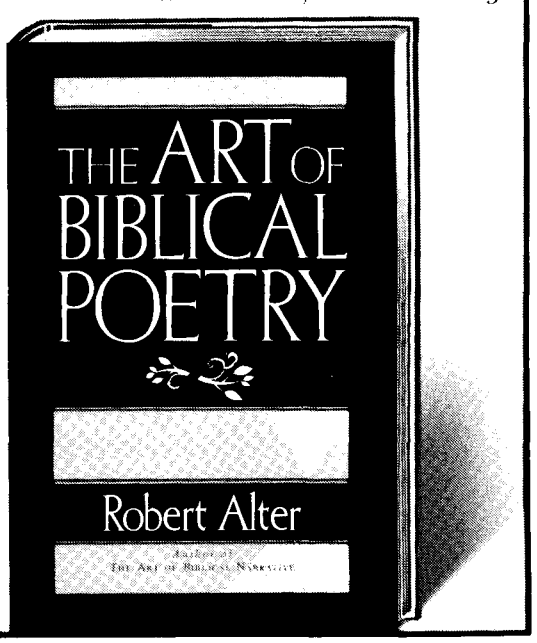


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# CORRESPONDENCE

## GUILT BY INNUENDO

*To the editors:*

In his article "The Salvador Strategy" (October 7), Raymond Bonner falsely charges that the Asian-American Free Labor Institute "has historic links to the CIA." Such accusations resurrect ancient, unproved, and unfounded espionage charges about other people and other organizations in *other* parts of the world, concerning events of nearly 20 years ago—before AAFLI existed. Such irresponsible attempts to cobble together linkages where none exist, to create guilt by innuendo, threaten the safety of our representatives and their families.

As for Mr. Bonner's comment that AAFLI is "ostensibly" an arm of the AFL-CIO: since 1968 AAFLI has been an integral part of the AFL-CIO's foreign affairs and assistance program. AAFLI's president is AFL-CIO president Lane Kirkland. Its trustees are all members of the AFL-CIO Executive Council. AAFLI's programs are formulated under the policy directives of the AFL-CIO and implemented under the guidance of AFL-CIO officers.

AAFLI does receive funding from both the Agency for International Development and the National Endowment for Democracy, but this relationship in no way makes the AFL-CIO an agent of the United States government. Any serious look at the AFL-CIO foreign policy over the years shows a large number of profound disagreements with U.S. policy. Nor is there anything secretive about the way AAFLI receives its funding or how it is spent.

AFL-CIO policy in the Philippines rests on the firm belief that free-trade unionists and their agrarian counterparts are the essential building blocks of the democratic center. AAFLI implements that policy through its support of traditional labor education activities, as well as innovative membership services programs designed to meet the needs of workers and their organizations.

It should go without saying that, contrary to Bonner's clear implication, AAFLI is *not* "a conduit for U.S. funds to the [Philippine] elections." True, our efforts aid the building of democratic institutions, but we are in no way a kind of political action committee for any election campaign in the Philippines or anywhere else.

CHARLES D. GRAY
*Executive Director*
*Asian-American Free Labor Institute*
*Washington, D.C.*

*Raymond Bonner replies:*

Confirmation of the historic connection between AAFLI and the CIA is provided by *Wall Street Journal* reporter Jonathan Kwitny in his book *Endless Enemies*. Kwitny notes that one of the principals in AAFLI in Vietnam in the late 1960s was Irving Brown. Although Brown has denied any CIA connections, former CIA officer John Stockwell told Kwitny that "Irving Brown was 'Mr. CIA' in the labor movement." Another former CIA officer, Paul Sakwa, says that he "served as Brown's case officer, or control, in the CIA for several years," according to Kwitny. Finally, Kwitny writes, "Former CIA officer Thomas W. Braden says that he personally delivered $15,000 in CIA cash to Brown," and that Brown used a pseudonym "for undercover work while serving under his own name as AFL-CIO representative in Europe."

## CARDINAL SHAME

*To the editors:*

Being a fellow yuppie veteran of the Catholic schools (Cardinal Spellman's archdiocese in the 1960s), I applaud Thomas Geoghegan's "Confessions of a 'Practicing' Catholic" (September 30).

Allow me, however, one quibble. He asserts that having guilt confirms being Catholic. Not so. Jews have guilt. Catholics have shame.

Jewish guilt is public, imposed from without, and is carried by the bearer (sometimes on his sleeve) without pause. Catholic shame, on the other hand, is much more pernicious. It is private, imposed from within. A sinner, who may merely have thought damning thoughts, carries his shame until he confesses to a priest. In theory, the slate is wiped clean. However, because memories persist, the devout Catholic is in constant danger of sinning once

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 28, 1985

# EUROPE AND ARAFAT

The Israelis themselves are at least partly responsible for the recent intensification of Palestinian terrorism in Israel and elsewhere. Last May they released 1,100 terrorists, including men guilty of mass murders, in exchange for three Israeli soldiers held captive by a Palestinian guerrilla group in Lebanon. This cohort included role models, trainers, and operatives uniquely experienced in the business of victimizing innocents. They also provided one other incentive for terrorism (perhaps unnecessary for fanatics whose ideology is a blend of massacre and martyrdom): the hope that terrorists who are caught and imprisoned might ultimately be released through other terrorist acts.

As we go to press, the latest Palestinian terrorist outrage—the seizing of the Italian cruise ship *Achille Lauro*, with the demand that Israel release 50 more prisoners—is in the process of being resolved. No imprisoned terrorists will be released, but the terrorists who perpetrated the act have been released into the hands of Yasir Arafat.

This resolution is far from satisfactory, but one positive element is that everyone involved knew that this time the Israelis would not crumble. They have learned their lesson, which was validated during the TWA hostage crisis, when the American captives were released without Israel doing anything with its Shiite prisoners other than what it had already embarked on doing. (Nevertheless, despite U.S. threats at the time, the TWA hijackers remain free; the murder of an American serviceman is unavenged; and no one has paid for the suffering of our innocently trapped and traumatized fellow citizens.)

Even knowing that the Israelis never would bend, the Palestinians who seized the Italian ship were not acting in a wholly reckless and irrational manner. The terrorists could reasonably hope to create further strains between Israel and the nations, mostly European, whose citizens were among the hapless vacationers aboard the Italian ship. What's more, any terrorist act is an opportunity to parade the terrorists' cause before world public opinion, which seems to have become increasingly susceptible to the stupid notion that people who commit outrages in the name of national liberation want only their measure of justice. These displays of desperation are substitutes for a willingness to compromise, which by now has the status of a historical taboo among the Palestinian leadership.

Apparently more to the point in this particular episode, acts of terrorism are the way competing cadres of armed Palestinians prove their mettle, to each other and to the masses. Terrorism, in fact, is their main form of credentializing. As we write, it is too early to say—but not too early to dread—that the media will now award Yasir Arafat the Nabih Berri Statesmanship Prize for his role in negotiating an end to this outrage committed by members of his own organization.

You needn't believe that Arafat ordered this hijacking—indeed, you can even accept his protestations that he was against it—in order to hold him responsible for Palestinian terror around the world. Whatever his role in the ship hijacking, Arafat remains proud of other equally sordid terrorist acts in recent weeks. Moreover, running a terrorist organization is not like running an accounting firm. Anyone whose life work is breeding explosive hatreds and building explosive devices knows perfectly well that he will not always be able to control the explosive results. If the four ship hijackers truly represent an "anti-Arafat faction" of the PLO, as the analysts have opined so glibly, why was he able to bend them to his authority in ending the crisis? For years Arafat apologists in the West argued that the violent Black September Palestinian group was independent of Arafat's own Fatah. Now we know that Black September was only Fatah's bloodiest subsidiary.

The European states lose no opportunity to call for strong action against terrorism in general. Meanwhile, though, they have been eager to believe that they can buy immunity from Palestinian terrorism by propitiating the terrorists. They have put themselves forward in international councils as interlocutors and tribunes for Yasir Arafat's PLO, terrorism's most inveterate and confirmed adepts, the organization that wrote the book on modern terrorism.



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Italy has been among the most craven European nations, motivated in part by the hope of persuading the PLO not to arm or train Italy's ample legions of homegrown terrorists. This hope has been frustrated. Italian courts have amassed incontrovertible evidence deeply implicating the PLO in the operations of the Red Brigades. (Basque, Irish, and German terrorist groups have similar bonds to the PLO.)

In contrast to its habitual hard line toward domestic terrorists, Rome goes blithely from hope to frustrated hope when it comes to the Palestinians. Only last week, the Common Market countries canceled a long-scheduled meeting with Israel on some joint economic matters. The cancellation was meant as a punitive measure against Jerusalem for the bombing of PLO headquarters outside Tunis. The Italians led the move to cancel the meeting.

The Israeli raid was a strike against the precise return address of Palestinian terrorism. Recent terrorist acts in Rome that victimized Americans and Europeans—Italians included—came from this very address. So, apparently, did the attack on the Italian cruise ship. Will the Italians now reconsider their reflexive opposition to the Israeli raid? Unlikely, for the European logic always has been that perpetrators of terrorism should go unpunished. Now, it appears, that logic has triumphed once again.

And in the face of all the testimony of the dead and of the living, Europeans—and some in America, too—cling to the illusion that Yasir Arafat is a moderate. The powers of Europe have made themselves intellectually and morally defenseless in the struggle against those who for a whole generation have traduced the principle of civilization that we have called "the right to die in bed." It is the principle that innocent travelers in free passage and other innocents not be conscripted as instruments in other people's battles.

## MEANWHILE, IN MOSCOW . . .

They found the body of slain Soviet diplomat Arkady Katakov in a wasteland outside the shell-ravaged soccer stadium south of Beirut on October 2. Katakov, executed point-blank with a 7mm automatic weapon, was one of four Soviet diplomats abducted two days earlier while riding the streets of West Beirut in unguarded, official vehicles. The obscure Moslem fundamentalist terrorist squad that claimed responsibility for the kidnappings, the Islamic Liberation Organization, promised to deliver more bodies soon, and blow up the Soviet Embassy, if its demands were not met.

Terrorism has become commonplace in Beirut, but until now the Russians had been spared the horrors of hostage-taking and political assassination. Many have held that the Soviets escape terrorism because of the certainty that they will ruthlessly retaliate against anyone who trifles with them. The Islamic Liberation Organization disproved this theory, and helped to dismiss the notion that Soviet standing in the world depends solely on the threat of brutality. Such threats obviously play a major role in Soviet foreign policy, but this explanation underestimates Moscow's resourcefulness and encourages American self-deception both about the Soviets and about terrorism.

Moscow's best protection is not the threat of retaliation, but money. The Soviets sponsor many of the world's leading terrorist organizations. The flow of arms from Czechoslovakia to Libya for eventual distribution to the Palestine Liberation Organization and other Middle Eastern extremists is well documented. A rogues' gallery of political cutthroats, including the Irish Republican Army, the Red Brigades, the Baader-Meinhof gang, and Basque separatists, have all been funded and armed at one time or another by the Soviet Union. Clients who are well served are not likely to attack their patrons.

Until October 2, terrorist patronage was apparently enough to protect the Soviets in Lebanon. Thus while representatives of Britain, France, Italy, the United States, Switzerland, Saudi Arabia, and many other countries were losing their lives in Beirut, the Soviet Embassy maintained a full diplomatic staff. Long after the U.S. Information Agency closed up shop, the Soviet press agencies continued to issue daily press bulletins in Arabic from the white marble Soviet Cultural Center in West Beirut. Soviet officials traveled the streets in limousines without the benefit of armed escorts, usually a necessity in the Moslem-controlled part of the city. The Russians trusted their clients not to harm them.

The Soviets' mistake in Lebanon was to believe that anti-Western terrorists could not also be, at least under extreme provocation, anti-Soviet. A month ago leftist militias supported by Syria, which is supported by the Soviet Union, laid siege to Tripoli in northern Lebanon. Syria's president, Hafez al-Assad, sent in troops and supplies in the hope of occupying Tripoli and ousting Sheikh Saeed Shaaban, the Sunni fundamentalist who has controlled the city since 1983. Shaaban, a friend of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini, desperately needs help if he is to hold Tripoli much longer. The Islamic Liberation Organization responded to his distress call by kidnapping the four Soviet diplomats. The kidnappers demanded that Moscow intervene to end the month-long siege. As of this writing, a tenuous cease-fire negotiated by Shaaban and Assad is in effect, but the three diplomats have not been released. Moscow may still dictate orders to Assad, but now the Soviets too have shown their vulnerability to terrorist blackmail.

WHEN THE ISLAMIC and Iranian terrorists drove their truck bombs into American and Israeli installations in Lebanon, the Soviets in Lebanon were quiet, if not quietly complicit. Now they are acting like any other people under terrorist attack. In Beirut the panic-stricken Russians, caught off-guard in the chaotic aftermath of the kidnapping, showed a human side rarely seen by the Western press. At the embassy gates, a frustrated official lost his temper with inquisitive journalists. "Questions,



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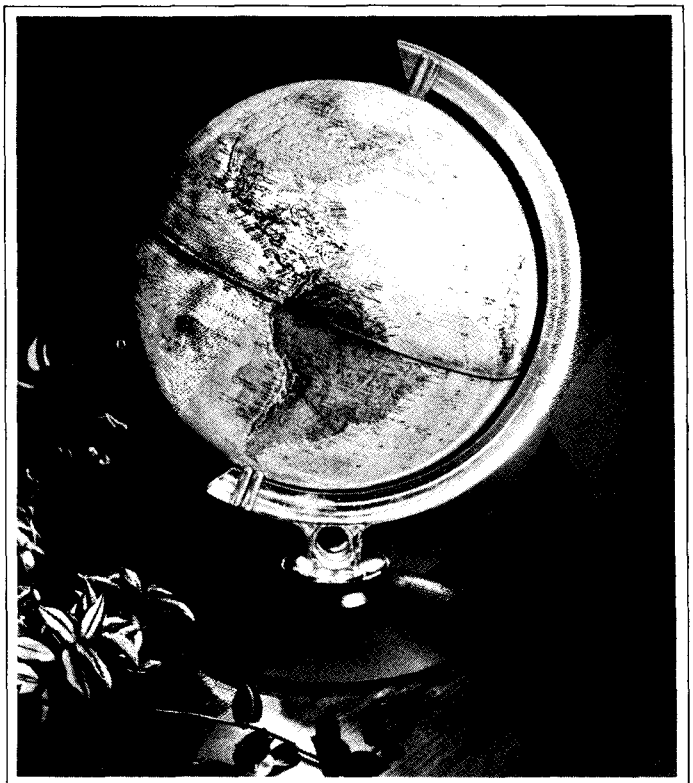

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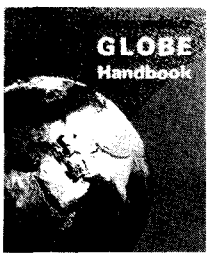


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questions, questions!" he cried. "This is not a time for questions. You must have some kind of moral conscience. What is important is that the hostages are set free!" This official should have been at the squalid press conference with the TWA hijackers in July. Yuri Suslov, the Soviet chargé d'affaires, admitted that he was expecting "bad news any minute" about the other three comrades.

But Moscow does not believe in tears. The Kremlin moved quickly to the second line of defense against terrorism: totalitarianism. On Monday, the day of the kidnapping, no mention was made of the incident on Soviet television or in the newspapers. (Later Moscow acknowledged the attack without disclosing the identities of the four hostages.) The Soviets thus blocked all political pressure to act on behalf of the captured men, and deprived the terrorists of a public forum to spread word of their cause. In similar circumstances an American president might find himself consumed by the crisis. Mikhail Gorbachev left, as planned, for a pre-summit meeting with French president François Mitterrand in Paris. Why should the Soviets worry about a few subjects being held against their will in foreign lands when they've already got millions of subjects being held against their will within their own borders?

Moscow soon eased the news blackout so that it could exercise a third defense against terrorism, one that the United States is often urged to adopt: blame Israel. The day after Katakov's body had been recovered, the Kremlin denounced Israel as "the prime cause of internal Lebanese strife of which Soviet citizens became innocent victims." This is the ludicrous, familiar formula that some believe will protect us from future terrorism. Syria continues to maintain a large military presence in Lebanon; the Israelis withdrew their troops last June. Yet the Soviets (and others) say Israel is the villain. The notion is as absurd as Gorbachev's comment on French TV that evening that "if there is a country where political and other rights have been gained by Jews more than in ours, I would be very happy to hear about it."

Despite their best efforts, the Soviets still face a troublesome situation. If Moscow exerts serious pressure on Syria to withdraw from Tripoli, as the kidnappers are demanding, it risks antagonizing Assad, a critical ally in the Middle East. What's more, the Soviets have learned from Western experience that consenting to terrorists' demands tends to encourage future attacks. If, on the other hand, the Soviets themselves pack up and leave Lebanon (they have already evacuated most of the embassy staff in Beirut), they lose an important foothold in a country where, following the departure of Western forces, they had been gaining influence. Meanwhile, at home, the Soviets must deal carefully with a large Moslem population sympathetic to fundamentalist agitation in Iran, Afghanistan, and throughout the Middle East—and potentially explosive in its own right.

Many Americans are hopeful that the Soviets' painful lesson will force them to reconsider their covert support of terrorist movements. An editorial in *The Washington Post*, for example, says it may be "therapeutic for the Kremlin to get a taste of the medicine that it has long been prescribing." A State Department official even speculated that at the Geneva summit the Soviets might now be willing to discuss a joint superpower policy for combating international hijackings, kidnappings, and bombings. Hardly. Terrorism has proved to be an effective weapon in the Soviets' foreign policy. It is one they cannot afford to renounce.

# NOTEBOOK

□ TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS FOUR, SOURCES SAY: "A parachutist who fell to his death last month in Tennessee with $20 million in cocaine strapped to his waist may have been part of a drug-smuggling conspiracy involving parachutists in Georgia, sources said yesterday," *The Washington Post* reported on October 5. Anonymous sources also said that people who carry around 75 pounds of cocaine are often involved in drug smuggling. Investigators who cannot be identified stated that gravity may have pulled the parachutist downward. Speaking off the record, highly placed sources confirmed that parachute failure often involves grave bodily injury. However, officials close to the case who wish to remain unnamed have not ruled out the possibility that the dead man was in training to become a professional baseball player.

□ MAD AS HELL: President Reagan says that his Strategic Defense Initiative is essential because the doctrine of Mutually Assured Destruction is morally unacceptable. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger is upset with the Soviets because they apparently agree. As *The New York Times* reported on October 3, "Weinberger charged today that the Soviet Union had abandoned the idea of 'mutually assured destruction' that had long been the basis of nuclear deterrence and had raced ahead with its own antimissile defense program, even as it denounced President Reagan for doing the same." The sin of the Soviets, according to Weinberger, seems to be that they abandoned a morally defective policy before the United States did and then had the nerve to pursue a more ethical approach. Worse yet, they said we were immoral for doing what they were doing. This is one of the scientific insights needed to make Star Wars work. The Soviets are immoral because they discarded an immoral policy and we are moral because we want to do exactly what they are doing.

□ CORRECTION: The Los Angeles Diarist in our issue of October 14 said that Charles Murray's book *Losing Ground* "was written with the help of $100,000 from the Lehrman Institute." In fact, the $100,000 was raised by the Manhattan Institute, another New York-based and conservative-oriented think tank. The money actually came from the Scaife and Olin foundations. Charles Murray and the Manhattan Institute insist, and the Los Angeles Diarist happily accepts, that books take a long time to write and no one got rich off of this one.



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Farrakhan in the flesh.

# THE TIME HAS COME

*New York*

THE APPEARANCE of Louis Farrakhan at Madison Square Garden on October 7 demonstrated, without doubt, that he is now America's preeminent black leader. Benjamin Hooks of the NAACP could not have filled the Garden. There would not have been people standing against the walls on every level of the arena to hear John Jacob of the National Urban League. Jesse Jackson might just have filled the Garden. But Farrakhan filled not only the 20,000-plus seats; he also drew another 3,000 to 5,000 people to watch the whole event on closed circuit television in the Felt Forum next door.

If a people get the leader they deserve, then something dire has happened in black America. No people should make the journey from Martin Luther King Jr. to Louis Farrakhan in fewer than 20 years. These were not curious spectators or passive sympathizers. Most were not members of Farrakhan's Nation of Islam, and never will be. Nonetheless, they were there to applaud, cheer, yell, and shout. What they came to voice approval of was apparent from the start.

One of the first speakers was Kwame Touré, head of the All African People's Revolutionary Party. When I worked with him in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and traveled with him to Cuba in 1968, he was still Stokely Carmichael. Seeing him Monday night was like watching an "I Love Lucy" rerun. His face was the same; his lines were the same: "We are not poor, we are poorly organized!" "Our people don't need talk, they need guns!" These 1960s catchphrases were cheered lustily, but the most thunderous standing ovations were reserved for Touré's attacks on Israel, Zionism, and Judaism. "Africa gave Judaism to the world," he shouted to the great glee of the crowd. Citing Freud's *Moses and Monotheism* as evidence, he went on to claim, "Moses was an Egyptian! Moses was an African!"

Said Arafat, a representative of the Palestinian Congress of America, continued the evening's history lesson: "Zionism is the cancer, and the supporters of Zionism are cancerous!" To the approval of the crowd, he concluded, "We want nothing but the total liberation of Palestine!" The next speaker was Russell Means, of the American Indian Movement. A tall, muscular figure with two long, thin braids down his shirtfront, Means furthered what was to become the evening's litany when he alluded to "those who controlled Hollywood. They have made movies denigrating and stereotyping Indians, Mexicans, Asians, and blacks. Never have you seen a movie denigrating the Jewish people!"

The audience greeted each anti-Semitic thrust by rising to its feet, cheering, arms outstretched at 45-degree angles, fists clenched. As this scene repeated itself throughout the evening, I wondered, Is this what it was like to be at the Nuremberg rallies in Nazi Germany?

Finally, Farrakhan walked onto the red-carpeted dais, flanked by six women in white hats and white suits with red tassels at the shoulders. More than 20,000 people rose, cheering and applauding, arms angled heavenward. Farrakhan stepped to the edge of the dais and stood motionless, arms outstretched at his waist as if he were posing as the Lamb of God. I didn't know it then, but he was.

The first half hour of his speech consisted of a minilecture on Islam and the announcement that this was to be his last speech in the United States for a while. He had traveled 250,000 to 300,000 miles a year for the past eight years, and until January would be speaking throughout the Caribbean, South America, Africa, the Pacific Islands, and Asia. On his return he would devote himself to the "hard work of building an Islamic black America." This portion of his speech ended with an appeal to respect black women. "When you mistreat your woman, you mistreat yourself," he declared.

Then Farrakhan turned to the main item on the evening's agenda: He is the Voice of Holy Truth whom Jews are determined to silence. "Somebody has to come to separate God from Satan, slavemaster and slave, oppressor and oppressed, so they can see each other and then go to war to see who is going to rule—God or Satan," he declared.

This is politico-religious fundamentalism as preached by Khomeini, Kahane, and Falwell. In its essence, fundamentalism is an ideology of power that seeks to impose itself on a reality that is experienced as primordial chaos. For fundamentalism to be effective, however, the chaos has to be given an easily recognizable and easily hated form. For Falwell it is secular humanism; for Kahane, Arabs; for Khomeini, America; and for Farrakhan, Jews. If the chaos can be portrayed as evil, it acquires a cosmological dimension, and all those engaged in seeking to overcome it become, ipso facto, righteous crusaders and saviors.

FOR THIS REASON it is shortsighted to criticize Farrakhan for lacking a viable political and economic program. The lack of such a program is irrelevant. (In fairness, Farrakhan has announced plans to manufacture and sell to the black community toothpaste, mouthwash, deodorant, paper towels, and laundry soap, as the cornerstones for a separate black economy. Is it being too Freudian to wonder why the products are exclusively concerned with cleanliness?) Farrakhan's primary program is very clear and it has withstood the test of time throughout Western history: Jews are the representatives of chaos, and chaos is destructive and evil.

Farrakhan accused those who call him "Hitler-like" of seeking to "create an environment of hostility" in which someone would see himself as justified in assassinating him. But when Farrakhan anoints himself the rep-

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resentative of Truth and Salvation, comparisons to Hitler must inevitably follow.

"Who are those who support me? The righteous! You have been deprived of justice, and if God sends a deliverer, will the oppresser love him?" he asked the audience.

"NO!" the crowd thundered.

"Are the Jews who are angry with me righteous people?"

"NO!"

Farrakhan left no doubt that he is the Messiah.

"Jesus had a controversy with the Jews. Farrakhan has a controversy with the Jews. Jesus was hated by Jews. Farrakhan is hated by Jews. Jesus was scourged by Jews in their temple. Farrakhan is scourged by Jews in their synagogues. Did Jesus care for the oppressed?"

"YES!"

"They called him a devil. They call me a devil. When Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead and fed the 5,000 [the miracle of loaves and fishes], it was then that the authorities began to attack him. I am resurrecting the minds of black people from the dead, and they attack Farrakhan."

Farrakhan sees himself as the only force capable of saving America. "What do you think will happen to America if anything happens to me? I am your last chance. America, you killed your last black leader when you killed Martin Luther King Jr.!" Again, the audience roared and rose to its feet, arms thrust out, fists clenched.

"I am your last chance, too, Jews!" The audience laughed loudly and long. "The scriptures charge your people with killing the prophets of God." Farrakhan contended that God had not made the Jewish people pay for such deeds. However, if something happens to him, then God will make the Jews pay for all the prophets killed from biblical times to the present. "You cannot say 'never again' to God because when God puts you in the oven, 'never again' don't mean a thing. If you fool with me, you court death itself. I will not run from you; I will run to you!"

Farrakhan reserved a little of his hatred for black political leaders, telling the audience that "when a leader sells out the people, he should pay a price for that. Should a leader sell out the people and live?"

THERE WAS MORE, much more. How much I do not know, since I left at 11 p.m., after an hour and 15 minutes. As a Jew, I was frightened by what I had witnessed. It is one thing to read the words of political, racial, and religious anti-Semitism in books; it is another to hear them spoken with intensity, urgency, and conviction, to hear them affirmed with cheers, the stamping of feet, laughter, applause, and arms thrust toward heaven.

As a black, I was ashamed. What is happening in black America that it can revel in vicarious bloodletting? I could speak of despair, of poverty, of deprivation, of what it is to try and live in the relentless heat of racism, but I will not. This generation of blacks is not the first to make its way through the valley of the shadow of death. This generation is the first, however, to wear its suffering as if it were a tiara. This generation is the first to use its suffering as if it bestowed a divine right exempting them from moral and ethical responsibility to the rest of humanity.

The time has come to speak, then, not of a man who calls himself Minister Farrakhan, but to speak of the soul of black America. One man is merely that—a solitary agony searching for a moment or two of relief or salvation between the cradle and the coffin. But when the solitary agony is the collective agony of a people also, then to speak only of the man is wrong. Not to speak of the people who give him credence and legitimacy partakes of evil.

When Farrakhan shouted, "Who were the enemies of Jesus?" and all too many blacks shouted back, "Jews! Jews! Jews!" I knew then that evil sits astride the land like Death on a pale horse.

The time has come to stop making apologies for black America, to stop patronizing black America with that paternalistic brand of understanding which excuses and finds reasons for the obscenities of black hatred and black anti-Semitism. The time has come to say to black America that no amount of agony, no amount of poverty, deprivation, or suffering justifies hatred, anti-Semitism, or the elevation of Louis Farrakhan to the position of spokesman and leader.

Even more, however, the time has come to say that Jews are Farrakhan's scapegoat, but all of America is his victim. In the late 1950s, when heroin abuse was a matter of alarm in black communities, white America was indifferent. Only when drugs made their way to the suburbs did white America begin to talk about the dangers of addiction and try to persuade foreign governments to curtail the exporting of drugs. Is there any difference now? Farrakhan's rabid anti-Semitism is a threat to what little moral fabric America has left. The way in which he revels in anti-Semitism coupled with the absence of forceful responses by other blacks against it makes Jew-hatred acceptable to blacks, educated and uneducated.

Farrakhan's anti-Semitism is an appeal to the comfort and sloths of hatred; it requires no effort to hate. Farrakhan is subtly but surely creating an atmosphere in America where hatreds of all kinds will be easier to express openly, and one day, in some as yet unknown form, these hatreds will ride the commuter trains into the suburbs. By then it will be too late for us all.

Elie Wiesel has said it many times: he who hates Jews hates humanity. That is what was most distressing about Minister Louis Farrakhan's appearance at Madison Square Garden. Twenty-five thousand people could not see that Farrakhan hates them, too.

**JULIUS LESTER**

Julius Lester's most recent book is the novel *Do Lord, Remember Me* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). He is currently completing a book about his conversion to Judaism.



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What's a black politician to do?

# FARRAKHAN FRENZY

LOUIS FARRAKHAN has figured out the secret of demagoguery. First the posters announcing his appearance go up—"Power at Last Forever," they say—and alarm bells go off in the city's Jewish community. Then pressure is exerted on black officials, not always subtly, to denounce the Black Muslim minister. Next a press conference is called at which Jews and some but not all black leaders criticize Farrakhan. This gets TV and newspaper coverage, but so do comments by other blacks who either defend Farrakhan or complain about being leaned on to attack him. The press, which loves a good rift, now has a running story to cover. Finally, Farrakhan makes his appearance, and he rarely lets anyone down. If his message were confined to black self-help, he'd be ignored by the media. So he performs as expected, peppering his speech with racist and anti-Semitic slurs.

Anyone who doubts Farrakhan's skill in parlaying bigotry into fame and fortune should consider his rise. Eighteen months ago Farrakhan was the boss of a fringe Muslim sect with no more than 10,000 adherents nationwide. He was not an influential force among blacks nationally, and was scarcely known at all outside the black community. In 1984 he hooked up with Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign, threatened a *Washington Post* reporter who disclosed that Jackson had used the term "Hymie," trumpeted his own anti-Semitic views, and became infamous. Now he's a bigger draw than Jackson, who couldn't even defeat Jerry Falwell in a TV debate on South Africa. And money is pouring in. Farrakhan got five million dollars from Libyan dictator Muammar al-Qaddafi alone to finance a grandiose scheme to manufacture soap, napkins, and toothpaste in black neighborhoods.

Those who have tried to isolate Farrakhan as a racist have only made matters worse. "There's a feeling in the black community, 'If whites are that upset, it must be good for black people,' " says George A. Dalley, the chief aide to New York representative Charles Rangel. "The denunciations of Farrakhan have failed. His popularity is greater than ever."

It's mainstream black politicians, not Farrakhan, who have suffered as a consequence of the fuss. Take Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles, the odds-on favorite for the Democratic nomination for California governor next year. Bradley's black constituency is relatively small, but he promised black leaders that he wouldn't criticize Farrakhan until after the September 15 speech in Los Angeles. Republican governor George Deukmejian, who is certain to run for reelection next year, wasn't so standoffish. He called Farrakhan a "messenger of hate and bigotry." The Los Angeles City Council accused Farrakhan of sowing "the seeds of hatred" and fostering "racism and anti-Semitism." Once Farrakhan had spoken, Bradley weighed in. But it was too late. The politically powerful Jewish community in Los Angeles, a traditional source of support and money for Bradley, had cooled on him perceptibly. And his prospects for ousting Deukmejian have dimmed.

Animosity between Jewish liberals and black leaders also erupted in Washington, D.C., where Farrakhan spoke last July, and in New York, where he addressed a full house at Madison Square Garden on October 7. Washington mayor Marion Barry, who is black, waited seven weeks after Farrakhan's appearance to voice his criticism, and even then it was only after Jewish leaders implored him to speak out. "The anti-Semitic impeachments that he made didn't help our city at all," Barry wanly declared. Farrakhan, in his address before 10,000 at Washington's Convention Center, had accused Jews of "wickedness" and insisted that "black people will not be controlled by Jews."

In New York the bitter racial feelings were displayed in an exchange between Representative Rangel and writer Nat Hentoff. Rangel is no Farrakhan groupie, but he refused to repudiate the Muslim. Hentoff wrote in his *Washington Post* column that Rangel "has now been intimidated by Louis Farrakhan." Rangel responded furiously, claiming that he had often condemned Farrakhan's anti-Semitism. But what angered him most, Rangel says, was Hentoff's "assumption that I and other elected leaders who happen to be black have a special obligation to issue denunciations of Louis Farrakhan upon demand. . . . I refused to renounce Minister Farrakhan prior to his scheduled appearance at the Garden because I believe that playing the media game of creating controversy over his appearances through ritual renunciations in advance of them only serves Mr. Farrakhan's purpose of expanding his notoriety and audience."

RANGEL has a point here, but he is being a bit disingenuous too. It's understandable that black politicians might get their backs up when suddenly forced to pass a Farrakhan litmus test. "Why should blacks as a group be required to castigate someone," demands Eddie Williams of the Joint Center for Political Studies, "when no other group is asked to?" Requiring Jesse Jackson to repudiate Farrakhan, who was part of his campaign entourage for a while, is one thing; expecting black leaders to renounce a black bigot who happens to be appearing in their city is quite another. Still, it's not as if their only motive is averting a double standard and depriving Farrakhan of the publicity that he thrives on. Blacks have their own political hides to protect, and a lot of them feel that unequivocal attacks on Farrakhan aren't the best way to do it.

Why? The oldest rule in politics is that your first obligation is to preserve your base—in the case of black politicians, that is the black community. Taking on Farrakhan "could boomerang," says Ron Walters, a Howard University professor and adviser to Jesse Jackson. It can make a black politician look like a tool of whites, not a helpful

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image. Naturally, Farrakhan plays on this. He answered Bradley's belated attack by saying the mayor had "bowed to the pressure of the Jewish community." Barry's criticism too drew a sharp retort. "Our brother with a black constituency voted into power by black people . . . condemns my words in Washington, D.C.," Farrakhan complained. "He repudiates me because of Jewish pressure and then wants to talk to me on the phone afterward. Such hypocrisy!"

For all the anti-Semitism that Farrakhan voices, he is not seen by most blacks in the way that whites view, say, a grand kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan—in other words, as a dangerous, racist kook. His anti-Semitism "is a non-issue for most blacks," says Williams. They tune it out. Besides, the Black Muslims are old hat to them, and have achieved a reasonably positive image by curing drug addicts and drunks and straightening out prostitutes. Finally, Farrakhan "is filling a void," says Williams, by telling blacks they can lift themselves to prosperity on their own. This message has all the more resonance since blacks feel the nation's current political mood is hostile to them. And the black nationalism espoused by Farrakhan has always appealed to blacks, says Walters, "especially during times of difficulty."

THE PUBLIC RESPONSE to Farrakhan by black leaders comes in three forms. Some argue that Farrakhan isn't a bigot and a hater at all. "The charges of anti-Semitism, racism, and bigotry are unfounded and baseless," claimed the Reverend Theodore M. Williams before Farrakhan spoke in Baltimore in September. The Reverend Wyatt Tee Walker of Harlem scoffed at the furor over Farrakhan's New York speech by asking, "Where is the evidence or judgment of Farrakhan's hatred or bigotry. . . ? To say he is an apostle of hatred and bigotry is grossly unfair."

This is preposterous, of course. In March 1984 Farrakhan said in a radio broadcast that "the Jews don't like Farrakhan, so they call me Hitler. Well, that's a good name. Hitler was a very great man." In June 1984 at the National Press Club, he repeated his belief that Judaism is a "dirty religion." In Washington last July, he said, "Jews know their wickedness, not just Zionism, which is an outgrowth of Jewish transgression." In Los Angeles in September, he offered this advice to Jews: "Don't push your six million [Holocaust victims] when we lost 100 million [in slavery]."

Such inarguable anti-Semitism has prompted some blacks to renounce Farrakhan unequivocally. In Los Angeles, city councilman David Cunningham signed an anti-Farrakhan newspaper ad. In Baltimore, Catholic bishop John Ricard announced that Catholic leaders would "do all in our power to discourage" blacks from attending Farrakhan's speech. In New York, city clerk David Dinkins said he finds Farrakhan's "blatantly anti-Semitic remarks offensive, and I condemn them."

Caught in the middle are the blacks, like Rangel and his aide George Dalley, who don't like Farrakhan but are wary of denouncing him. "We're not intimidated by Louis Farrakhan in the black community," contends Dalley. "We are fearful of appearing as puppets." Maybe, but does this explain Coretta Scott King's gracious assessment of Farrakhan when she spoke at the National Press Club in mid-September? Asked if he helped or hurt the civil rights movement, this was her answer, in full:

> Well, I would say that Louis Farrakhan has hurt in many ways, but I can say that as far as the philosophy of self-help and all of that, and self-improvement, I think that part of it is something we can all agree on. And I think under the late Elijah Muhammed—and he is a follower of Elijah Muhammed—there was an emphasis, a considerable emphasis on that: clean, moral life, all the things that we talk about today, saying this is part of the problem, you know, blacks bring it on themselves, we've got problems that we've got to fix. But I think that that part of it is certainly good—black people teaching their own people how to live better, clean lives, that kind of thing, and also to be self-sufficient. But I think when it comes to intergroup relations and the kind of statements and philosophy that has been perpetrated, it has been extremely harmful, and I regret very much that this is the case because he is a tremendous orator and a very persuasive person. And you can't take that away from him. Martin Luther King Jr. was very persuasive, but I think he used his oratory and his gift, a great gift, to influence people positively, and all people. His philosophy encompassed all humanity, not a narrow segment of humanity.

WHEN MRS. KING waffles in the face of clear-cut bigotry, blacks have a problem. What should be done about it? One way to fend off the Farrakhan scourge is to reduce his visibility. This requires an assist from the press, which has had a curious role in Farrakhan's rise. The media has played Farrakhan down and then hyped him. When the story broke last year about Farrakhan's threat against *Washington Post* reporter Milton Coleman, reporters softened the Muslim's remarks. *Newsweek* and *The Chicago Tribune* failed to mention that it was a death threat, and *The Los Angeles Times* edited the phrase "death threat" out of its story. Last July *The Washington Post* reporter who covered Farrakhan's speech made no mention of his anti-Semitic assertions; these came out later when *Post* columnist Courtland Milloy cited them.

Now the Farrakhan hype is in full swing. Three days before he spoke in New York, *The New York Times* ran a front-page story under the headline: "Range of New York Leaders Condemn Farrakhan's View." This was highly misleading, since a number of black leaders quoted in the story were ambivalent about Farrakhan. *The New York Daily News* ran a two-page spread on Farrakhan, plus other stories. Farrakhan's New York speech made the national news, too, notably a lengthy piece on ABC's "World News Tonight." It's not that Farrakhan doesn't warrant coverage; when he fills Madison Square Garden beyond capacity, that is a big story. What's missing is perspective and clearheaded analysis. Farrakhan has spoken in New York dozens of times. Why was this appearance significant? Is Farrakhan merely a media creation, or is he building grass-



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roots momentum behind his movement? Rather than attempting to answer these questions, the press has dwelled breathlessly on a single issue: Do you hate Farrakhan or love him?

Better to handle a visit from Farrakhan the way Baltimore did in September. *The Baltimore Sun* gave the story full play, but kept it off the front page. The actual speech by Farrakhan was covered by the paper's religion writer. The City Council passed no anti-Farrakhan resolution, and Mayor Donald Schaefer was silent on the subject. Nor did the city's Black-Jewish Coalition go into hysterics. It called a press conference before Farrakhan arrived, but it did not condemn Farrakhan or pressure blacks to denounce him. Rather, it urged Farrakhan "not to bring a message containing anti-Semitism, racism, and bigotry to our community as reported in other cities. We affirm that there is no place for intergroup hatred here in Baltimore." Farrakhan didn't comply—he attacked black politicians who "placate the Jews"—but then he didn't make much of a splash in Baltimore either. He was booked in a small auditorium, and his speech drew only 1,400 people. Best of all, he left behind only the faintest residue of racial ill will.

**FRED BARNES**

Iran's retreat from women's rights.

# VEIL OF FEARS

THE WOMEN IN Iran's delegation at the recent United Nations conference in Nairobi, enveloped in Islamic dress and carrying pictures of the Ayatollah Khomeini, were a source of attention and controversy. They wore their veils as militantly as their predecessors in the women's movement in Iran had discarded them.

Ironically, these articulate representatives of the Islamic Republic were themselves the beneficiaries of a women's movement that had transformed the status of women in Iran. Iran was one of the first states in the Middle East to begin to dismantle the system of legal, educational, and social constraints against women. In 1936 the *chador* was abolished, and women were admitted on an equal footing with men to Tehran University. On the eve of the revolution, one-third of all university students were women. In 1963 women were granted the right to vote.

A series of legislative measures greatly strengthened women's rights in marriage, divorce, and child custody. The Family Protection Law, approved in 1967 and expanded in 1975, established special family courts to hear divorce and child custody cases. It greatly restricted polygamy. Women received the right to sue for divorce on the same grounds as men. The marriage age was raised from 15 to 18 for women and from 18 to 20 for men. Abortion was effectively legalized and family planning centers were established.

Legislation was introduced to facilitate female employment. Organizations employing a large number of women were required to provide day-care centers. Women were allowed three to six months' paid maternity leave. By the 1970s Iranian women were not only working as secretaries and nurses. They had jobs in factories and businesses. They were serving as Cabinet ministers, senators, members of Parliament, and judges. They were enlisted in the army and the police force.

EACH OF THESE measures met with clerical resistance. Khomeini first gained prominence in 1962 for his opposition to a law that would have granted limited suffrage to women. He called it "an attempt to corrupt our chaste women." Clerics encouraged families to veil their daughters, to prevent them from mixing with boys, and to enroll them in religious schools. Such exhortations found an audience among traditional families who felt that urbanization and Westernization were threatening the fabric of family life.

Yet the women's movement had struck deep roots among women throughout Iran. Working-class women clad in *chadors* crowded the training courses offered by the Women's Organization. Women from traditional families came to these centers for legal advice on divorce or protection against tyrannical husbands. A burgeoning middle class sought education for daughters as well as sons.

The clerical community's alarmed resistance to change was only one reaction. Another was to reformulate Islamic doctrine in an attempt to show that Islam too could accommodate the desire of women for full participation in society. In the 1970s there was a flood of books and essays on the problem of Islam and women. These writings shared a number of themes. Ali Shariati, a hugely influential popularizer of Islamic ideas, and Morteza Mottahari, one of the most enlightened Islamic jurists, both sought to depict the West as turning women into dolls manipulated by men to serve the ends of a consumerist society. They argued that Islam accorded women respect, value, and high standing in society. But Shariati's attacks on Western women, his emphasis on the role of women as wives and mothers, his idealization of female purity tended to undercut his theoretical commitment to equality. Mottahari paid lip service to women's freedom but desired them to be removed from the mundane world of work and politics. Another cleric, Reza Sadr, blamed all social ills on the emergence of women in society. He said that women should establish their own places of work, their own parliament. This concept of segregation, a kind of Islamic apartheid, appears also in the writings of Mottahari. "This shoulder to shoulder business," he wrote, "ends up with sleeping together."

Still, such writings appealed to many younger women, particularly at the university level. Shariati seemed to offer freedom without social dislocation, the advantages enjoyed by Western women without loss of identity. Kho-

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meini had promised that an Islamic government would leave women free, and treat them with equality. Women were major participants in the demonstrations that led to the overthrow of the monarchy.

Once the revolutionaries seized power, however, the position of women quickly deteriorated. No women were included in the Revolutionary Council, or in any decision-making body. Women holding high positions in government offices were purged or retired. The first woman minister, a minister of education, was executed on the spurious charge of encouraging "prostitution" in the schools.

Within weeks of the revolution, Khomeini ordered that all women wear the Islamic headdress. The Family Protection Law was annulled. The minimum age of marriage was reduced to 15 for girls, and courts allowed families dispensation to marry off daughters as young as ten years old. Polygamy again became legal, and temporary marriages have become common. Abortion was made illegal, and the activities of the family planning centers were curtailed. A member of the Iranian delegation to the Nairobi conference applauded this development. "The more children we have," she said, "the better. When there are enough Moslems in the world, then we will have world victory." The Islamic law of retribution, passed in 1981, makes adultery punishable by stoning. Day-care centers have been shut down. The ideal of the woman as exemplary wife and mother and member of the "gentle" professions has returned.

In universities women are barred from studying agriculture and engineering, and in classes men and women occupy separate sections of the room. On the streets women are harassed for supposedly improper dress by the Mobile Units of God's Vengeance, a government organization, or by the bully boys of the *hezbollah*, the so-called Party of God. A wisp of hair escaping from beneath the scarf has gotten women jailed as prostitutes. The Tehran public prosecutor recently said the *hezbollah* thugs who attack women could not be prosecuted since they were carrying out the Islamic injunction of "enjoining the good and preventing what is forbidden." Indeed, in cases of jailing, torture, and executions for political beliefs or on spurious charges, women and men have been treated with full equality.

THE EFFORT OVER the last six years to dismantle the whole apparatus of women's rights has greatly diminished the lives of women, but it has not quite succeeded. First, women strongly resisted the attempt to reverse the gains achieved under the old regime. The first major demonstrations against the revolutionary government—against the attempt to reimpose the veil—were mounted by women. Given the generally cowed atmosphere, these demonstrations led people in Tehran to remark that "the only men among us are women." Women also continued to show up at offices despite insulting treatment.

Second, women were already a crucial part of the work force. The Islamic Republic could not do without them, and the exodus of the educated classes exacerbated the manpower shortage. Officials soon abandoned the idea of preventing woman professors from teaching at the university level. In the hospitals, it was simply impractical to bar male doctors from examining women, or female nurses from ministering to men.

Third, it is clear that the pre-revolution changes in the status and image of women were not superficial or confined to the upper classes. Khomeini was not able to deny women the vote. Women—though very few—still sit in Parliament.

Finally, officials of the Islamic Republic are being compelled to make good on their claim that there is no conflict between Islam and women's freedom. Thus, although the constraints and harassment continue, the official press has taken to boasting about the role of working women in the schools and universities, in laboratories and hospitals.

Some believe that, with time, the position of women will improve. Others worry that the zealots who would confine women to the home and exclude them from public life are still waiting in the wings, that Khomeini actually acts as a brake on the radical right. With or without Khomeini, the situation for women will depend upon whether the government feels it must placate the radicals or the middle class. Women have shown that they can help the government make that decision.

**HALEH E. BAKHASH**

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Carrying a big shtick.

# THE TEFLON COMRADE

RONALD REAGAN walked into his debate with Jimmy Carter in 1980 with a tremendous asset: his opponent's briefing book. When Carter lunged at his challenger's wobbly record on Medicare, Reagan stepped aside and let him have it: "There you go again." Five years later, Reagan faces another tough square-off. This time the locale is Geneva. And this time it's the Reagan playbook that has fallen into enemy hands.

Just as George Patton defeated Erwin Rommel's troops in North Africa by using the Desert Fox's own tactics, so Mikhail Gorbachev is mimicking the battle-tested ploys of The Great Communicator. Like Reagan, he leads with his personality, not his job description. Like the Teflon president, he carries his office lightly, discarding both the trappings and the burden of authority. Like his American mentor, he deploys his global persona as a kind of human SDI, a shield that not only repels incoming attackers but destroys them. It is now clear that Gorbachev, the smiling



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man with "iron teeth," is a faithful adherent of the Reagan PR plan. Here it is—one, two, three:

*Stage I.* The key to Reagan's whole political career has been the creation of a winning personality distinct and apart from the office he holds. For his own debut, Gorbachev chose his whirl through London last December. The Brits expect another baleful Russian couple; they delightedly discover the "Gucci comrades." Even Margaret Thatcher swoons at Gorbachev's wit, and Fleet Street crowns his wife the "Russian Di." In Paris last week, another *offensive de charme*, he to Mitterrand, she to Yves St. Laurent. *Le Figaro*'s verdict: "Mrs. Gorbachev seduced Parisians, who fell in love with this pretty, smiling woman, discreetly made up, her hair well-coiffed, and dressed with elegance."

*Stage II.* Having mastered a dashing public persona, Gorbachev progressed to the next stage: learning the Teflon formula. Recent magazine interviews and television remarks reveal that he has carefully studied Reagan's miraculous no-scrape surface. Its magic, he sees, is based less on grace than on craft: the trick is not simply to act like you are not responsible, but like the method actor, to actually *feel* you are not. Let other leaders exhaust themselves defending their records; the Teflon man refuses to tote such baggage. Comrade Gorbachev simply jettisons his sorry showing as head of Soviet agriculture. He presents himself to the European and American media not as an adversary in the superpower struggle but as a critical observer. "Relations between our two countries are continuing to deteriorate," he tells *Time* magazine. "Why is all this happening?" In an interview on French television, he affects the same benign detachment: "There is little to be seen in the present turn of events in the world that is pleasant and not disquieting." Bill Moyers could not have said it better.

Gorbachev neither looks like a bureaucrat nor talks like one. He eschews the language of the ministry (in the entire *Time* interview there is not one reference to "imperialism"), and portrays himself as a citizen statesman—a role he models after Reagan's citizen politician. He doesn't attempt to explain all those Red Army divisions and SS-20s poised toward the West. Instead he tells the French TV viewer that this "accumulation of weaponry is a threat to the viability of Europe." Mikhail Gorbachev, after all, has nothing to apologize for. "My colleagues and I are quite exacting and self-critical when it comes to our own activities," he tells *Time*. "But what is there to reproach ourselves with . . . ?" This could be Ronald Reagan on the subject of the federal deficit.

And Gorbachev doesn't stop there. He identifies himself as a humble man responding to the call of the people. "It is after all the people of the two countries who put the politicians into the positions they hold today." (One imagines a weary Mikhail campaigning amid snowdrifts in Siberia.) He even tells a story about how he was recently visiting a small Russian town where a worker spoke to him of Star Wars and his concern that "the U.S. might trick us in the talks." This sounds suspiciously like one of those homiletic letters Mike Deaver used to conjure up on the eve of a Reagan TV address. And in the best touch of all, Gorbachev, the atheist, cites "God on high." A God-fearing leader who remembers his roots and stays close to the people who "put" him where he is today—in the world of competitive Teflon, the general secretary displays the kind of heat shield NASA applies to the nose cones of space shuttles.

*Stage III.* The most elegant stage in the making of a Great Communicator occurs when the leader begins to use his personality as a kind of voice-triggered SDI. Remember Reagan's 11th Commandment—"Thou shalt not speak ill of fellow Republicans"—which hamstrung George Bush in the 1980 campaign? Remember the "meanness" issue, which made every Carter attack seem below-the-belt? Today Gorbachev and his Americanologists are deploying just such a system for the summit. Its mission: cause a Reagan attack to detonate in his face.

According to Gorbachev, any American criticism of Soviet policy is "abusive." Predicting U.S. intentions to raise such unpleasant issues at Geneva as Soviet-sponsored terrorism and human rights violations, Gorbachev cries foul: "It looks as if the stage is being set for a bout between some kind of political 'supergladiators,' with the only thought being how best to deal a deft blow at the opponent and score an extra point in the 'bout.' " It is not Soviet adventurism in Afghanistan or repression in Poland that is responsible for global tensions, but the *mention* of Afghanistan, the *mention* of Poland. Anyone who challenges this rhetorical defense system fingers himself as the provocateur, the aggressor. *Pravda* scathingly describes the American agenda on human rights as the "dish of the day." What is the president supposed to talk about in Geneva? Star Wars, of course.

On to *Stage IV*: Engagement with the enemy. Mikhail Gorbachev has yet to test his state-of-the-art media personality under actual combat conditions. In Paris he was able to dismiss a reporter's question about human rights as "inconsequential," but a comment like that in Geneva would make the president's day. Once before a man walked into a decisive duel with Ronald Reagan. He too had all the momentum—"the Big Mo," he called it—at his back. He too felt he had Reagan cornered on the ground rules, only to see him brush them aside. At the 1980 Republican debate in Nashua, New Hampshire, when George Bush tried to exclude the other Republican candidates from participating, Reagan leveled him with his famous showstopper: "Don't cut me off, I paid for this microphone!" The new general secretary may have shielded himself thus far from Western attacks on otherwise vulnerable Soviet targets, but Ronald Reagan has been known to switch strategies under fire. The Great Communicator, unlike the Teflon Comrade, is also a great improviser.

**CHRISTOPHER J. MATTHEWS**

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What they're saying back in the USSR.

# WORD WARS

THE MOSCOW RADIO commentator searched desperately for suitably abusive language: "I am trying to find the most appropriate terms to expose the foul, human-hating nature of the present-day cannibals, and I can't find them, because the most accusatory words in the human lexicon seem too feeble and mild for this," he declared. "Gangsters, pirates, vultures, people-eaters, barbarians—these are all appropriate, but to be honest they are too weak if you remember and imagine how many hellish torments, sufferings, grief, and human sacrifices there are behind every step of the American instigators of war. And can one possibly forget that it was precisely the United States which was the initiator or participant in the majority of military conflicts? . . . Now the American hawks are threatening socialism with a new crusade."

That commentary, on Radio Moscow's domestic service on November 2, 1984, was exceptional only in its rhetorical effusion. With various embellishments, Soviet propagandists have been steadily pounding away at the same message: the United States, and specifically the Reagan administration, is the successor to Hitler's Third Reich, a war-crazed power that threatens mankind with imminent annihilation. Moscow's rhetoric about America has never been noted for its subtlety, but even seasoned Western analysts have been struck by the shrill pitch of the current campaign. This may sound surprising in this pre-summit season of enthusiasm for Gorbachev. (See "The Teflon Comrade" by Christopher J. Matthews, page 16.) Yet while the new leader has been delivering a more polished, conciliatory message to the Western public, the rhetoric about the United States designed for Soviet consumption remains as strident as ever. What is going on?

This propaganda blitz is generally attributed either to Moscow's current foreign policy goals (it wants to encourage a falling-out between Western Europe and Washington on defense issues) or to its determination to repudiate—and outdo—the Reagan administration's "evil empire" rhetoric about the Soviet Union. Yet the intensified Soviet barrage began well before Reagan was elected. Far from being a straightforward response to mounting foreign threats, real and rhetorical, it reflects above all Moscow's efforts to deal with its mounting domestic problems. This kind of propaganda, which has always played an important role in legitimizing the Soviet regime, has acquired new importance as the persuasive power of economic promises and ideological principles has dwindled.

The truth is that Soviet rhetoric provides ample antecedents for Reagan's most controversial statements. There is no need to go back as far as the Stalinist or even most of the Khrushchev era, when Soviet vitriol was unmatched. The evidence is there in statements from leaders associated with more moderate policies, and it disproves Gorbachev's recent claim that "we have never accused the U.S. of being an 'evil empire.' " On June 12, 1970, for example, Brezhnev declared that no one should be under the illusion that the Kremlin's policy of peaceful coexistence meant "nonresistance to evil, the kind of evil that the imperialist aggressors bring to the people."

If Reagan's evil empire formulation wasn't original, neither were his statements about working to hasten the disintegration of the Soviet system. Moscow indignantly denounced this as an unparalleled attempt to destabilize the world by undermining socialism. Actually, a parallel could easily be found—for an assault on capitalism. On April 22, 1970, Brezhnev said: "Imperialism will not collapse by itself automatically. No, it is still strong. Active and determined action by all the revolutionary forces is needed to overthrow it."

The more pointed and personally insulting rhetoric began to rise in Carter's administration. During détente Nixon and Ford got gentler treatment, which ended as relations soured after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and Washington's grain embargo and boycott of the Olympics. In early 1980 Tass charged that Carter "shatters all records of fantasy, losing no chance to show bellicosity toward the Soviet Union." *Pravda* complained of the "lack of stability" under Carter, broadly hinting that it was his mental stability that was in question. And Warsaw Pact commander Marshal Viktor Kulikov invoked the Nazi analogy that has now become commonplace, charging that Carter was trying to achieve "world domination" as Hitler did before World War II.

WITH REAGAN, such assaults have dramatically intensified. In a book published in 1982, then-chief of staff Nikolai Ogarkov launched the campaign equating Reagan with Hitler, arguing that Reagan's quest for military superiority was similar to Hitler's and would meet with the same results. Since Ogarkov's salvo, the Soviet press has routinely referred to Reagan's "Hitlerite" policies and "mad Hitlerite ideas of world supremacy." *Krasnaya Zvezda*, the Defense Ministry daily, not only argued that "the history of militarism" is repeating itself but drew parallels between "the ex-Hollywood actor" and Hitler, "the artist unrecognized in his time." In cartoons, Reagan is depicted as a Nazi-like figure with nuclear missiles as fangs.

This campaign was soon taken a step further: Reagan now ranks as a greater evil than Hitler. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* declared that the Reagan administration is composed of liars and crooks "worse than Hitler and Eichmann." Politburo member Boris Ponomarev wrote in the December 1983 issue of *Problemy Mira i Sotsializma* that the current American administration constitutes "the main danger for humanity": where Hitler's "anticommunism and anti-Sovietism" led to a conventional war, Reagan's threaten a nuclear war "pushing the whole world toward catastrophe." Not surprisingly, the Bitburg controversy offered an occasion for the Soviet press to refine its fascist portrait of the president. (Imagine the outcry in this country if top Reagan administration officials began depicting


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Gorbachev as a reincarnation of Hitler or, to make the analogy accurate, as a super-Hitler.)

In its portrayals of American domestic affairs, Soviet propaganda has been even more consistent. Détente or no détente, the United States has been depicted as a country that proves Marxist dogma about "the rotten way of life." Capitalism is "a world that lives by the laws of the jungle," according to a 1978 book titled *Imperialism: The Enemy of Humanity*. Dire poverty, unemployment, slums, crime, violence, and Ku Klux Klan rallies are the staple items in Soviet accounts of America. "Political prisoners" such as Angela Davis and Eldridge Cleaver receive prominent play when they are behind bars, but not much is said when they resume a normal life. Natural disasters and industrial or airplane accidents also get full coverage, presumably to convey the message that these are specifically capitalist tragedies. Like crime, similar events go largely unreported when they occur within the Soviet Union.

AT THE SAME TIME, however, Soviet rhetoric features a paradoxical twist. It denounces totalitarian evils, not just corrupt capitalist ones, in American life. During Carter's presidency, the Soviet media were full of indignant accounts of the trampling of human rights in the United States and the persecution of "dissidents." Under Reagan, that counteroffensive has expanded. "Today about 500,000 people, more than one-third of them political prisoners, are in detention in the USA," Tass reported last year, adding that guards "use clubs and whips at the slightest provocation" against them. For the past year, the Soviet press has been reporting that the United States is preparing to build ten huge concentration camps for political prisoners; an *Izvestia* cartoon showed Uncle Sam receiving advice from Heinrich Himmler on how to carry out this project. Police state tactics? "The United States is like a gigantic X-ray machine on which one can see a man's every step—in the street, in stores, even in his own kitchen. . . . The American secret services have everything at their disposal," *Sovetskaya Rossiya* reported. As for state-sponsored terrorism, Washington and "Zionists" have long collaborated in this field.

Clearly one goal of such rhetoric is to rebut, however feebly, Western criticism of Soviet society. Without acknowledging that there is any basis for the accusations, the Soviets immediately assert that the same situations exist in the United States. It's in the old "And what did you do to your Indians?" tradition. The other crucial goal is to convince the average Soviet citizen that he enjoys a superior form of life or, failing that, at least to confuse him. "Who really lives better, you Americans or us?" is a question many Russians, particularly in the provinces, ask American correspondents, with genuine uncertainty.

The campaign to portray the United States as the supreme warmonger is part of that same campaign to diminish domestic discontent. Moscow has always needed to invoke an external threat to justify the harsh measures taken by the regime, but in the past this was one element in a three-part mix. Ideology and, since World War II, a painfully slow but steady increase in living standards also helped legitimate the regime. Stalin relied on ideology and the external threat; the notion of an improvement in living standards was merely an abstract future promise based on the premise that socialism was inevitably destined to produce a better life for its citizens than capitalism.

In the postwar era, the goal of an improvement in living standards became more important than fading ideology, which of itself inspired little enthusiasm anymore. Brezhnev in particular justified his regime on the grounds that it was building more housing, increasing agricultural production, and trying to provide at least some consumer goods, however shoddy. The external threat was never forgotten, but it was presented in slightly less alarmist terms.

In the latter part of Brezhnev's tenure and under his successors, the external threat has reemerged at its now familiar hysterical pitch. Andropov explained most clearly that this was a deliberate policy decision. "The threat of nuclear war hanging over the world prompts us to make a fresh assessment of the basic purpose of the activity of the whole Communist movement," he said in June 1983. The motive for putting matters in such stark terms is the situation within the Soviet Union itself, where economic setbacks have caused living standards to stagnate or actually decline. If in an earlier period ideological slogans helped explain away such failures, they were hardly convincing in the 1970s and 1980s. In neighboring Poland, events appeared to be fulfilling Western prophecies that the Soviet system's economic failures would lead to its eventual political disintegration as well.

Kremlin leaders reached for the only self-justification they had left: their "peace mission." To make that credible enough to compensate for faded ideological beliefs and economic hopes, the threat of war had to be inflated, pinning responsibility for any problems inside the Soviet Union or its empire on the external enemy. It is no accident that in July 1984 the Central Committee published a decree reviving the Stalinist notion of instilling hatred in the young: "A feeling of love toward the motherland, and a feeling of hatred toward its enemies, must be instilled in young people with ever-increasing persistence." Although Reagan has been a convenient bogeyman, that process began before his election and would have continued regardless of who occupied the White House. Just how well entrenched and effective this campaign is became clear to me in Vologda, a Russian provincial city in a dairy and livestock region I visited in October 1981—when Reagan had barely begun to make his mark on the conduct of foreign policy. "We don't have enough food here because America is attacking us," an old woman told me. What, I asked, had that to do with the shortage of Vologda's own butter? "It goes elsewhere," she replied. "To the army."

**ANDREW NAGORSKI**

Andrew Nagorski, Bonn bureau chief of *Newsweek*, was expelled from Moscow in 1982. He is the author of *Reluctant Farewell: An American Reporter's Candid Look Inside the Soviet Union* (New Republic Books/ Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

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Forgive some debt, forget protectionism, and trust the IMF.

# How To Save The Third World

## By Jeffrey Sachs

NOBODY IS HAPPY with the International Monetary Fund these days. As the IMF's annual meetings convened October 8 to 11 in Seoul, South Korea, the Fund found itself under fierce attack from left and right. Most Latin American governments see the IMF as an agent of American commercial banks. Supply-siders in the Reagan administration and in Congress complain that the IMF's heavy emphasis on austerity in the debtor countries is an obstacle to world growth. In recent weeks, administration officials have stated their intention of enlarging the World Bank's role, in the belief that the bank will be more growth-oriented than the Fund.

This crescendo of complaint reflects growing anxiety about the debt crisis in developing countries. When financial chaos in mid-1982 in Mexico and several other debtor nations first threatened world economic stability, there was hope for a quick fix. The Reagan administration believed that the debtor countries would be rescued by financial retrenchment under IMF supervision, a decline in U.S. interest rates, and an economic recovery in the advanced industrial economies that would expand markets for their products.

Ironically, the worry today isn't that optimistic projections about interest rates and growth were wrong, but that they were right! The favorable trends in the world economy have simply not been enough to defuse the crisis, and the debt structure is as shaky today as it was in 1982. Even before the recent earthquakes threw Mexico's debt repayments into doubt, Latin American debtor countries were talking tough about paying off their loans. Peru's President Alan Garcia said at the U.N. last month, "We are faced with a dramatic choice: it is either debt or democracy." He threatened to withdraw Peru from the IMF unless it offered some relief.

That tough talk is being echoed throughout Latin America. The IMF is bearing the brunt of global disappointment, though most of the specific criticism is unfair and illogical. More than any government or other international institution, the Fund has held the world financial system together in the past three years. In many ways its performance has been innovative and even brilliant in successfully avoiding the global defaults and economic disarray that similar economic circumstances brought about in the 1930s. We continue to live under the shadow of the debt crisis, not because of the nefarious plans or ineptitude of the IMF, but rather because the "quick fix" so ardently desired is simply not available.

Who is to blame for the debt crisis? Politicians and intellectuals in debtor countries like to blame the developed world, particularly the United States. They point to rising U.S. interest rates, which have forced up the costs of debt repayments and depressed the prices of commodities that poor countries sell in world markets. Creditors, on the other hand, emphasize ineptitude and corruption in the debtor countries. Both views have some merit.

To summarize a complex history, the rise in world interest rates following the Federal Reserve Board's shift to tight money in 1979 was the decisive common element in bringing on the crisis in dozens of developing countries. Like American farmers, the foreign governments borrowed big in the 1970s with the expectation of continued low interest rates and continued rapid inflation. They thought they could pay off their debts with cheap dollars. Paul Volcker tripped them up.

But the effects of the "Volcker shock" differed widely in different nations. As with farmers, prudent and relatively well-managed borrowers escaped with limited damage. Countries that used their loans for productive investments in exporting industries were able to keep up their interest payments, even at higher rates. The East Asian countries—especially Indonesia, Korea, Malaysia, Taiwan, and Thailand—used foreign loans to finance a large expansion in export capacity. These countries all have avoided a debt crisis.

Less satisfactory were cases where the money was used to finance investment in high-cost domestic industries, heavily protected from foreign competition and unable to compete on world markets. Many Latin American countries fall in this category. Worse off are countries like Argentina, which used foreign borrowing to finance extravagant consumption expenditures or military adventures. Finally, there are the cases like Mexico, Venezuela, and again Argentina, where many of the dollars that the government borrowed from abroad found their way, legally or illegally, into the U.S. bank accounts of private citizens and public officials.

Consider two of the IMF's most important crisis clients, Mexico and Venezuela. Both countries are major oil exporters, and yet they squandered the advantage of high oil

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prices between 1978 and 1982. In both cases, overvalued exchange rates depressed the non-oil export industries, channeled investments into the wrong sectors, and encouraged private citizens to speculate against the exchange rate by trading domestic assets for U.S. dollars. The Mexican and Venezuelan governments borrowed billions of dollars from U.S. banks, in order to stabilize an unrealistic exchange rate, at the same time that their citizens were legally taking billions of dollars outside of the country to invest abroad! According to some analysts, Venezuelan citizens have as much money invested abroad as the Venezuelan government owes to U.S. banks: about $25 billion. But this doesn't help the government pay its debts, since Venezuelan citizens will not willingly trade their dollar assets to the government in return for Venezuelan bolivares, a currency they do not trust.

Many debtor governments believe that explicit debt forgiveness is now a moral imperative. But the moral case for wholesale debt relief is unconvincing, except with respect to the world's poorest countries, as in sub-Saharan Africa. Should Venezuela's debts be forgiven when Venezuelan citizens have used those dollars to buy extensive real estate and financial holdings in the U.S.? Should Argentina's, when much of the money was used to finance a wasteful yet popularly supported war in the Falklands? Why should Venezuela, which had oil and wasted it, get debt relief and not energy-starved Korea, which also borrowed heavily but used its loans far more wisely? Korea paid for its heavy borrowings with several years of consumer austerity as resources were moved from domestic to export industries. Should that austerity be ignored while profligacy elsewhere is rewarded?

THE International Monetary Fund took center stage in the debt crisis in the summer of 1982, when the Mexican government announced that it couldn't meet the interest payments on its debts. Bank lending to debtor countries dried up, and suddenly many announced that they, too, couldn't make their payments. The IMF's main role in the debt crisis has been to make loans to debtor countries in return for the promise of policy reforms. This approach, known as "conditionality," has long been a fundamental precept of IMF lending. Borrowing from the Fund is voluntary. Despite the vitriol about Fund policies, no country has to submit if it doesn't want to.

The strategy worked out in 1982 by the IMF, the United States, and the other major creditor governments had three key elements. First, new loans would be made on a case-by-case basis, with conditionality, rather than attempting any grand global bailout. Second, existing debts would be "rescheduled" rather than forgiven. Missed interest payments would be tacked on to the total amount due. Third, the commercial banks would be obligated to come up with some new money as part of the IMF program, so that they wouldn't be seen as getting off scot-free.

This last element was crucial and ingenious. It helped to guarantee an adequate supply of new money for the debtor countries. In the circumstances of 1982-83, no individual bank wanted to make new loans to the crisis countries, even though collectively such lending was the only feasible way to avoid outright defaults on the debt. Developing countries acceded to conditionality not only to get IMF money, but also to get the new money from the banks that an IMF program brought along. With the short-term crisis avoided, debtors and creditors alike were urged to hang on until a U.S.-led world recovery would allow the debtor countries to expand their exports and thereby pay off their debts.

Three years later, the major Latin American debtor countries all have tightened their belts, sharply reduced their imports, and continued to meet their interest payments. But their economies have not grown. Austerity in the debtor countries has not been followed by economic expansion. Real living standards, down sharply from the 1970s, have not yet begun to improve.

ONCE AGAIN, the debtor countries' problems are both external and internal. World prices of commodity exports have continued to fall in the past two years, despite the growth of world trade. Many debtor countries have gotten a lousy bargain: they are selling more but earning less. Also, despite IMF prodding, the banks have continued to pull out of Latin America, further squeezing countries that have been depending on at least small amounts of new loans. Meanwhile, many of the counterproductive policies in the debtor countries that helped bring on the debt crisis have remained in place, despite IMF supervision. Entrenched political interests in the debtor countries have blocked many needed reforms.

IMF programs often are accused of hurting the poor to the benefit of the rich within the debtor countries. Yet IMF programs may well do more for the poor, in restoring sound economic management, than anything that the debtor governments would do themselves. Consider one of the most loathed elements of IMF conditionality: devaluation of the currency. Devaluation is essential to spur exports. But it raises the domestic price of food, and usually lowers the real wages of urban workers. On the other hand, rural agricultural workers typically benefit, since their products sell at a higher price. Devaluation often leads to more egalitarian income distribution, since it transfers income from the urban sector to the poorer rural sector. But it is almost always resisted in Latin America, since urban workers have far more political muscle than rural peasants.

This political reality helps to explain the debt crisis itself. Export industries—needed to produce foreign currency to pay off the debt—have been underdeveloped because most governments since the 1940s, whether military or civilian, have drawn their support from a clientele of capitalists and unions in non-export sectors, whose interest is for government protection rather than export promotion. The restoration of growth requires a complete reorientation of these economies toward exports. Even when the leaders of these troubled nations know this, they are politically unable to act.



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The supply-side attack on the IMF is more bizarre, since the IMF, like the supply-siders, has long been accused of an excessive reverence for the free market. But these natural allies have become foes, partly because the supply-siders misunderstand IMF policies and partly because of their fanciful ideas about the economics of development.

Supply-siders carry their insouciance in the face of high budget deficits to ludicrous extremes in the case of the developing countries. They frequently have attacked the IMF for stressing government cuts and tax increases. Unfortunately, the notion that growth alone can restore fiscal balance is even sillier in Latin America than it is in the U.S., where it also has proved to be an empty hope. Throughout Latin America, budget deficits have been on the order of eight to 15 percent of GNP in recent years, compared to five percent in the U.S. Unlike the United States, Latin American governments no longer have the luxury of borrowing from abroad to finance those deficits. So they have taken to money printing and rapid inflation as a way to finance their overspending. History teaches that high inflation (well over 100 percent per year in Brazil and Peru; and recently up to 1,000 percent per year in Argentina, and about 40,000 percent per year in Bolivia) must be stopped before any sensible long-term reforms of an economy can be instituted. Reducing inflation means reducing budget deficits; and unfortunately, reducing budget deficits generally means austerity in the short run.

DESPITE some success for the Fund's approach, the debt situation looks increasingly bleak. The major debtor countries seem unable to grow out of the debt crisis. With their restive citizens chafing under continued austerity, the debtor governments are talking tougher. The pessimism is apparently shared in the U.S. financial markets. The stock prices of major commercial banks are far below their book values, partly in recognition of the fact that the true value of their claims on Argentina, Brazil, or Mexico are worth less than their value on paper. The implicit market value of debts held by American banks seems to be about 75 cents on the dollar for the major debtor countries, and as little as 20 cents on the dollar for claims on Bolivia.

To pay off their debts, the developing countries need to grow. To grow, they need a major increase in exports. In an ideal adjustment, the Latin American debtors would shift production toward labor-intensive exports to the U.S. and Europe. New export earnings could be used both to make debt service payments and to pay for the increased imports needed for faster growth. The advanced economies, meanwhile, would shift resources away from their labor-intensive sectors, and toward the capital goods industries that would find growing markets in the debtor countries.

There are two obstacles to such a textbook adjustment. One is the political power of currently favored industries within the debtor countries. The other is the rise of protectionism in the developed world, which makes a strategy of export-led growth look foolhardy to debtor nations. Protectionist pressures are strongest in just those industries where the debtors could make a significant export push, such as basic steel and textiles.

Breaking this logjam will require skillful political leadership in the United States, Europe, and Japan. Potentially, though, there is a natural coalition of forces against protectionism, including the commercial banks whose claims are at risk; capital goods exporters whose markets have been decimated by the debt crisis; exporters generally, who will be hurt by rising tariffs; and organized consumer groups, since it is consumers who ultimately bear the costs of protectionism in the form of higher prices.

Like it or not, however, political leaders in the creditor countries must also explore ways to cancel some of the debt repayment, rather than merely postponing it. A partial debt cancellation is not necessarily a moral imperative, but it may be a pragmatic one. For the debtor governments, the political and economic costs of default no longer clearly outweigh the burdens of austerity.

IN A SENSE, the Reagan administration's new focus on the World Bank is an acknowledgment of this reality. The administration has been looking around for a way to ease the Latin debt burden (without debt cancellation), and sees the World Bank as a source of credits. The administration also hopes to encourage new commercial bank loans in tandem with World Bank lending, though the private banks are understandably balking at further increases. The World Bank's focus on "structural adjustment" has made it seem like an attractive vehicle for reforming the debtor economies. Unfortunately, the conditionality the World Bank attaches to its structural adjustment loans is notoriously lax, so that a sharp increase in World Bank lending to the Latin American debtors might just pile up the debt burden and make the problems all the worse in the future.

A better alternative might be to cut some of the losses on the debt today, rather than dragging out a process that will ultimately end at the same place. A program of debt relief should preserve the key elements of the current strategy. The IMF should continue to oversee conditionality, with relief negotiated on a case-by-case and year-to-year basis. Debt relief must be a spur to beneficial reform, rather than a substitute for reform. The burden of the debt write-offs should be borne both by the banks that made the loans and, inevitably, by the taxpayers of the creditor countries. This is not completely unjust: as depositors in the banks, average citizens have been the ultimate beneficiaries—more than the shareholders—of the high interest rates paid by the debtor countries.

Partial debt relief is especially appealing now because the financial markets already have discounted the value of bank claims on the debtor countries. Shareholders already have "eaten" these losses (though larger losses might come later). But we haven't enjoyed the benefit that would come from acknowledging those losses. The carrot of partial debt forgiveness could be used to induce needed economic reforms in the debtor countries, while the governments in those countries could hold out the debt relief as a sign to their citizens of a more hopeful economic future. □



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Featured on PBS:

# 'The Last Place on Earth'

*And*
*War*
*Mystery!*
*River Journeys*
*Nature*
*Wonderworks*
*Creation Of The Universe*
*Great Performances*
*Treasure Houses Of Britain*
*and more inside...*

This special section in the Leadership Network* magazines is sponsored by Mobil Corporation
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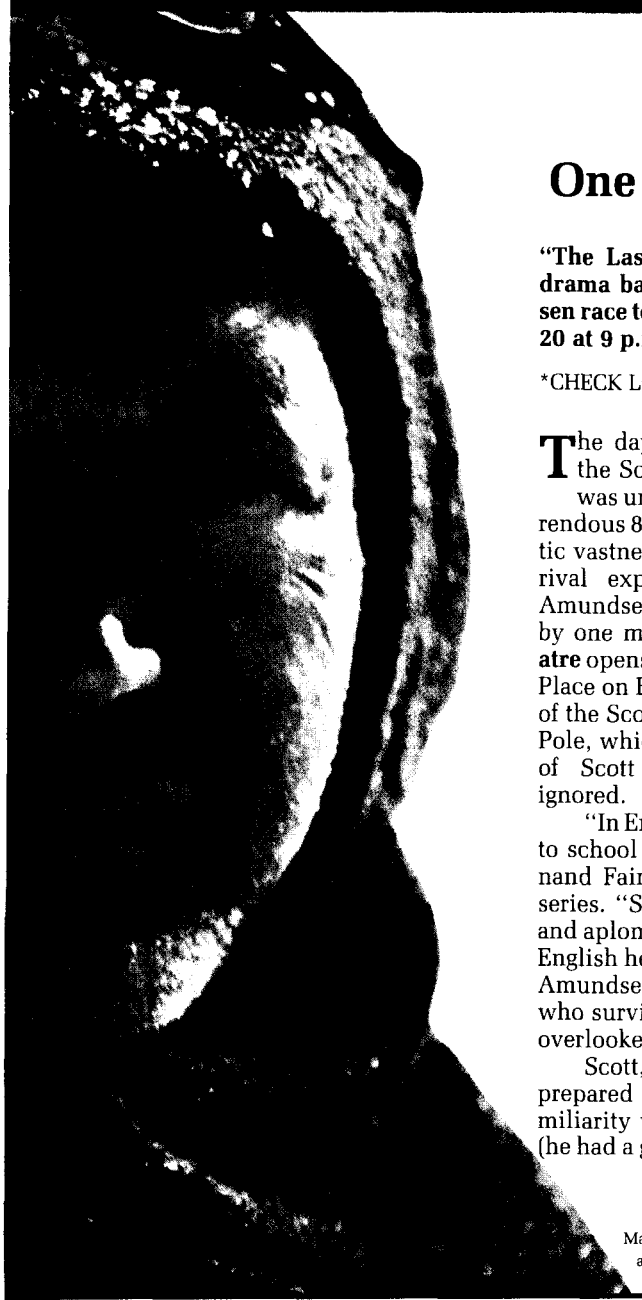
# Mobil Masterpiece Theatre



## Two Men, One Great Ambition

**"The Last Place on Earth," a six-part drama based on the epic Scott-Amundsen race to the South Pole. Starts October 20 at 9 p.m. Eastern Time.***

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

The day Robert Scott finally reached the South Pole, on January 17, 1912, was undoubtedly the worst of his horrendous 850-mile journey. For in that arctic vastness he found the tent left by his rival explorer, the Norwegian Roald Amundsen, whose team had beaten Scott by one month. **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** opens its 15th season with "The Last Place on Earth," a six-part dramatization of the Scott-Amundsen race to the South Pole, which reveals a less flattering side of Scott that some historians have ignored.

"In England Scott is held up as a hero to school children," said director Ferdinand Fairfax in an interview about the series. "Scott was brave, full of reserve and aplomb, a perfect gent. He's the ideal English hero. He failed and then he died. Amundsen is held up as a cad, the man who survived by eating the dogs. People overlooked that Scott ate the horses."

Scott, played by Martin Shaw, is ill-prepared for his mission despite his familiarity with the realities of the region (he had a gold medal from the Royal Geo-

Martin Shaw as Scott

Sverre Anker Ousdal as Amundsen

## *Crystal Anniversary for Mobil Masterpiece Theatre*

Fifteen years ago if you made a call on a Sunday night, you probably reached a friend willing to chat. Then, in January of 1971, the lines went cold; if you dared to dial, a voice would inform you that it was impossible to talk—at this very minute Churchill was waging the Battle of Blenheim, or Poldark was bedding Demelza, or Lillie Langtry was risking social ruin by pouring a drink down the back of Edward VII.

**Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** had arrived; the only voice you wanted to hear on a Sunday night was Alistair Cooke's. And with this arrival, the miniseries was born.

"The First Churchills" (the first **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** presentation) introduced the miniseries to American TV viewers, who over the next few years began to talk of the dashing Poldark or the homey Mrs. Bridges as though they were members of the family. Miss an episode, and you risked smiling blankly at the talk of next Saturday night's dinner party. (Over the years, **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** has received many Emmy awards. "Upstairs, Downstairs" alone received seven Emmys, and is the series most often associated with **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre**.)

It was not just that **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** drew us so firmly into other people's lives; "Ma Perkins" had done that years ago. It was that **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** did it so well, featuring brilliant performers like Alan Bates, Glenda Jackson, Derek Jacobi, Rosemary Harris, Anna Massey, Anthony Hopkins, and many more. (This season Max Von Sydow in "The Last Place on Earth" and Diana Rigg in "Bleak House" are added to the list.)

Five years ago Mobil, which has been underwriter for **Masterpiece Theatre** since its inception, decided to provide similar backing for "Mystery!" and now when you call a friend on Thursday nights a voice explains that it is tied up helping Sherlock Holmes in his Baker Street digs, or lending a hand to those "Partners in Crime," Tommy and Tuppence. Oh dear.

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The Mobil Television Season on PBS 1985-86

# Masterpieces

Masterpiece Theatre 9pm Sundays, Begins October 13

The Good Soldier  The Last Place on Earth  The Irish R.M. II
Lord Mountbatten: The Last Viceroy  The Tale of Beatrix Potter
Bleak House  The Jewel in the Crown  By the Sword Divided I

# MYSTERIES!

Mystery! 9pm Thursdays, Begins October 24

Death of an Expert Witness  Agatha Christie's Miss Marple
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes II  Charters & Caldicott
Partners in Crime I & II  My Cousin Rachel  Praying Mantis
Agatha Christie Mysteries

# & Specials

Pride of Place: Building the American Dream  The Compleat
Gilbert & Sullivan  The TV Businessman  The Living Planet
King Lear

## from Mobil

Chermayeff & Geismar Associates

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# MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE

# ANNIVERSARY SEASON 1985-6

Chermayeff & Geismar Associates

## CONTINUOUS SUPPORT OF PUBLIC TELEVISION

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# Mobil Masterpiece Theatre

graphical Society for an earlier expedition to the Antarctic). He decides to use mechanical sleds, and we watch as the treads break down and sink through the ice; in addition to sled dogs, he uses ponies to carry equipment, but then has to cart their food along (unlike the dogs, the horses don't eat blubber); he brings skis for his men, but they end up abandoning them because they don't know how to use them.

Scott does little else to inspire the crew's confidence. One of his men, lying in bed with a bandage over his eyes, growls, "Ten years ago, when I was 20, I drove a team of dogs across Siberia 2,000 miles. I learned the narrowness of the line man walks between farce and tragedy. Tell him [Scott] that a man who sits in his tent in the Antarctic and whines about the weather is unfit to lead." The cold, however, seems to dampen everyone's spirits, and Amundsen, played by Sverre Anker Ousdal, is shown arousing hostilities in his men as well. (Max Von Sydow plays Amundsen's mentor, Fridtjof Nansen.)

Scott's wife, Kathleen, an independent woman who pursued her own interests as an accomplished sculptor, is played by Susan Wooldridge (Daphne Manners in "The Jewel and the Crown," which will be rerun later this season). Kathleen is the dominant force in the marriage, pushing Scott to pursue his explorations. When he becomes discouraged with all the arrangements for the expedition, she snaps, "It's not detail. It's destiny!"

The expanse of ice and snow that contributed to the film's stark beauty led to special problems. "The snow had to be unbroken. There couldn't be a lot of footprints at the South Pole, so whenever we shot the expedition coming toward us, we had to loop way back so that they could come forward over fresh snow," said Fairfax. He also came to appreciate the problems Scott and Amundsen had with crews and cold weather. The film crew spent eight weeks in Canada's Frobisher Bay and two in Greenland, where temperatures ranged from minus 20 to minus 59. "People always say when you get into those temperatures, it's the machinery that lets you down. It isn't. It's the people. People get slow and grouchy about things."

Some English viewers inevitably were unhappy with Fairfax's portrayal of Scott and his wife. (Imagine Neil Armstrong climbing out of Apollo 11 and stumbling over a Russian guidebook, and you'll be better able to understand British resentment toward Amundsen.) But, said Fairfax, "It seemed legitimate to look at who this man really was. . . . Every word that we could base on what someone wrote or said, we did. Those interested in maintaining the Scott myth didn't like this at all."

The undisputed facts are the bleak outcome of the return trip. On February 17 one of Scott's men fell descending the Beardmore glacier and died soon after. Blizzards slowed the rest of the party and food began to run out. On March 17 another of the men walked out alone into the blizzard to die. The three survivors covered ten more miles and then another blizzard sealed them into their tent, where, out of food and only 11 miles from fresh supplies, they died.

On March 29, Scott wrote a final entry in his diary: "Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. . . . We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity but I do not think I can write anymore."

When Amundsen returned to England, he met with a reception as icy as the land he'd just left. On **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre**'s 15th season, in a film that is beautifully photographed and impressively acted, he is finally given credit for being the first man to reach "The Last Place on Earth."

*Presented by WGBH.*
*Funded by Mobil Corporation.*

## Bleak House

**"Bleak House," an eight-part drama of the Dickens classic. Begins December 1 at 9 p.m.***
***check local listings**

***The scourge of lawyers and legalese is nothing new, as this masterful adaptation of Dickens's novel* Bleak House *shows. The case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce—about the complicated execution of a will—goes on and on, drawing more and more people in its wake. Characters with mysterious pasts and names like Mrs. Pardiggle, Prince Turveydrop, and Guppy keep popping up as this Victorian world sinks into decay.***

***The story should have particular appeal to the American audience, knee-deep as the country is in lawyers. Dickens uses the law case to show how society has got itself by the tail, chasing about in circles instead of moving forward. One of the unwilling participants explains: "The lawyers have twisted it into such a state of bedevilment that the original merits of the case have long disappeared from the face of the earth." Diana Rigg stars as the restless Lady Dedlock, whose "weariness of soul lies before her, as it lies behind," and Denholm Elliot is The Guardian. Lawyers, laymen et al. are urged to watch.***

Diana Rigg in "Bleak House"

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War, the horrible but inevitable response to conflict, has been with us at least since civilization. It once affected mainly soldiers and leaders, but in the last two centuries has escalated to alarming proportions. This sobering eight-part series, "War: A Commentary by Gwynne Dyer," chronicles the last 200 years of man's fight against man.

The programs were shot on location in ten countries, including the U.S. and USSR, and we see the armed forces of six nations. Dyer interviews a range of people knowledgeable about warfare—historians, philosophers, prominent generals, young recruits. In the second episode, for example, a group of young men arrives at Parris Island, and they're turned into "highly motivated truly dedicated rompin' stompin' bloodthirsty kill-crazy United States Marine Corps recruits, SIR!" The poor young men, heads like billiard balls, eyes terrified, struggle to become soldiers as their socks droop, their rifles get dirty, as they dangle from ropes, scramble up nets, or set up tents ("You only did one thing wrong—it's inside out").

"I guess you could say in a way I brainwash 'em a little bit," one drill instructor admits. "You couldn't survive in a combat situation with the morals you have in everyday life," says another. "If you get paid to look down your sights and pull a trigger and kill a man, that's what you do."

"The secret of basic training," said Dyer later during a discussion about the program, "is that it's not really about teaching people at all; it's about changing people to do things they wouldn't ordinarily do. The recruit is stripped of all evidence of his civilian identity—his hair, his clothes, everything that makes him an individual."

If the common soldier is merely following orders, then is war the fault of the officer—the one who, according to writer Paul Fussell, knows precisely "how much of his soldiers he can use up and get the job done"? No, explained Dyer; by agreeing to become soldiers, all of them agree to die when asked to—by whomever makes the ultimate decision to fight.

"Here you have a bunch of people who you pay and train to kill foreigners. Put that way, it doesn't sound like the kind of profession you'd like your child to go into.

"But the thing that gives it some dignity is that they also have to be willing to be killed. In the end, I think the problem is the sovereign state. How do you get to the point where you can surrender some of your sovereignty? After the First World War, we had scared ourselves so badly we formed the League of Nations and that didn't work too well. Then after the Second World War, the governments got together in the United Nations. The writing's on the wall. It says, 'March barefoot to Mongolia.' It's a hard task but it's pretty clear it's the direction we have to go in."

What Dyer does, and does well, is show how good and intelligent people of

## The Eight Episodes

**1 Episode one:** "The Road to Total War." Dyer shows how modern nationalism and modern technology have joined to change war from battles between small groups of professional soldiers to the destruction of millions. With paintings, photographs, and film, this episode documents the terrible excitement of war—and the terrible consequence.

**2 Episode two:** "Anybody's Son Will Do." Dyer visits Parris Island and follows a band of green recruits as they are turned into professional soldiers in this sometimes moving, often wry segment.

**3 Episode three:** "The Profession of Arms." Here we see the remarkable similarity in military jobs all over the world. The military officers of various countries may have more in common with each other than with their own countrymen. In one of many interviews, General Ben-Chanaan of the Israeli Defense Forces speaks candidly of a truth all officers learn: you can do everything right and still get it wrong—lose the battle and your men.

**4 Episode four:** "The Deadly Game of Nations." Dyer looks at why governments—and the people they represent—feel the need to keep armies and fight wars. Israel, with its struggle to hold its own among the Arab nations of the Middle East, is the focus.

**5 Episode five:** "Keeping the Old Game Alive." Dyer documents NATO's conventional war games, held every autumn in central Europe as the combined forces of 15 member countries conduct an elaborate dress rehearsal for World War III.

**6 Episode six:** "Notes on Nuclear War." Dyer follows the development of the arms race, from Hiroshima to the Cuban missile crisis to the current nuclear stalemate.

**7 Episode seven:** "Goodbye War." From the League of Nations to the United Nations, Dyer talks about why efforts to achieve a worldwide peace have failed.

**8 Episode eight:** "The Knife Edge of Deterrence." This final segment was not part of the original series; it was produced by station KCTS in Seattle, and hosted by Edwin Newman. It presents alternative viewpoints, focusing on deterrence, from Truman's post-WW II administration to Reagan's "Star Wars" plan.

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Mobil
Masterpiece
Theatre
presents:

# The Last Place on Earth

Scott and Amundsen
both wanted to be first
to the Pole.
One of them won.
The other became a hero.

Starring Sverre Anker Ousdal,
Martin Shaw, Max Von Sydow,
Susan Wooldridge
A six-part series begins Sunday
October 20 at 9PM on PBS
Check local listings
Host: Alistair Cooke

Mobil

MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE 15TH ANNIVERSARY SEASON 1985

Based on The Last Place on Earth by Roland Huntford, published by Atheneum and available in bookstores. CC Closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers

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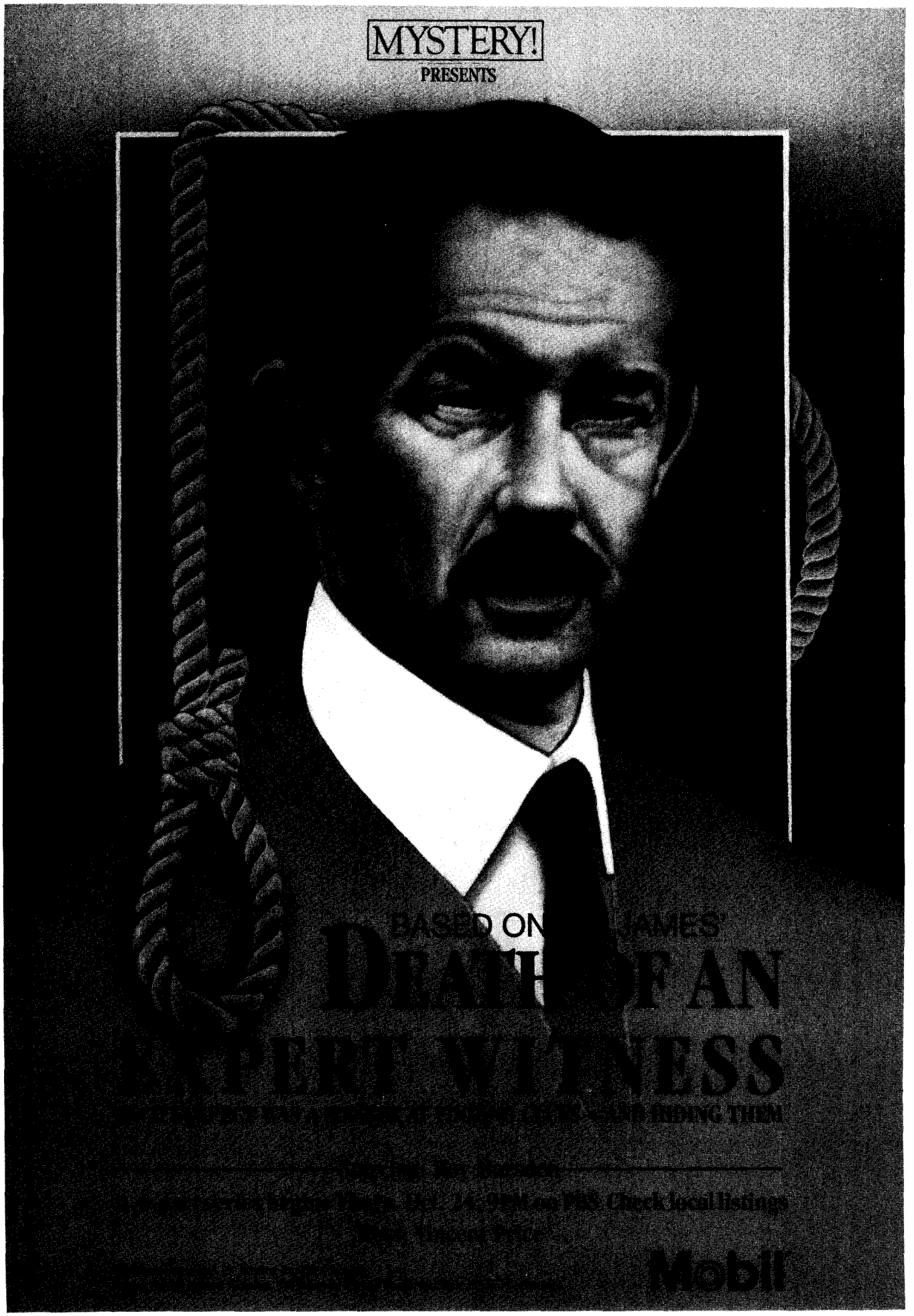


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varying professions and responsibilities slip step-by-step into the throes of war. He lets the interviewees speak without setting them up to prove his point. His warriors are not evil; they are men doing the job they've been asked to do.

"It's a complicated and slippery business which can't be blamed on arms merchants or ideologues. If I got it right, the series ought to be an analysis rather than a polemic."

"We've gone on fighting wars all through our history because we've been willing to pay the price," said Dyer. "Now the price is too high."

Not everyone agrees on the price, and there will always be differences when determining what's worth fighting for. Dyer's enlightening commentary, however, graphically demonstrates how terribly costly anything worth fighting for is.

*Produced by the National Film Board of Canada and KCTS. Funded by Public Television Stations (PTV Stations) and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB).*

***Gwynne Dyer, who writes an international affairs column that appears in 200 newspapers in 50 countries, is well qualified to talk of war. His military experience includes service as a reserve officer in three navies (Canadian, American, British), two years of teaching military affairs at the Canadian Forces College, Toronto, and four years as a senior lecturer in war studies at Britain's Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. "War: A Commentary by Gwynne Dyer" grew out of a radio program called "Goodbye War," which aired in Canada in 1979 and has since been broadcast in seven countries, including the United States.***

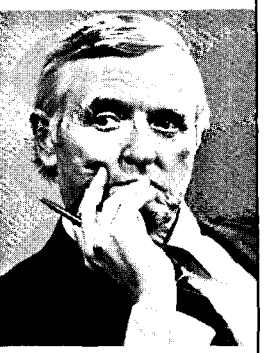
***Dyer, who lives in London with his wife and two teenage sons, concludes that we can no longer afford a tit-for-tat world. "Truth is," says Dyer, "we love our countries too much for their own good. And for ours."***

# Who watches what...

**Irving Kristol**, editor of *The Public Interest*, likes the British imports best—"Brideshead Revisited" and **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre**'s "The Jewel in the Crown." He also watches **The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**.

*Irving Krystol*

**William F. Buckley**, editor of *National Review* and host of PBS's **Firing Line**, doesn't have much time for television, but enjoyed "Upstairs, Downstairs," which was presented on **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre.**

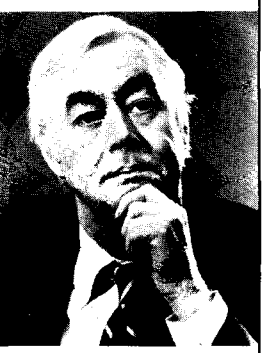


*William F. Buckley*

**Mayor Ed Koch** likes to relax in his library and watch **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre**.

*Mayor Ed Koch*

**Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan** tunes in regularly to **The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**.



*Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan*

**Senator Jay Rockefeller**, whose wife, Sharon, is on the board of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, obviously watches a lot of public TV. His favorite: **Washington Week in Review**.

*Senator Jay Rockefeller*

Secretary of Transportation **Elizabeth Dole** likes to settle down with **The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**.

*Secretary Elizabeth Dole*

**John Updike** says, "My wife and I have both been very attentive to the program on China and we're addicted to **Mystery!** Some years ago I liked Kenneth Clark's 'Civilisation' and 'The Shock of the New,' and there's one about nature—David Attenborough's 'The Living Planet'—which I enjoy. There are times when you can see one too many praying mantises, but by and large I like watching it."

*John Updike*

**Judy Woodruff**, of **The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**, says, "I watch **Frontline** and **MacNeil/Lehrer**, but not necessarily in that order. And also **Masterpiece Theatre**." But the television in the house she shares with husband Al Hunt of *The Wall Street Journal* is usually tuned to **Mister Rogers' Neighborhood** or **Sesame Street**. Those are the programs her three-year-old son likes to watch.

*Judy Woodruff*

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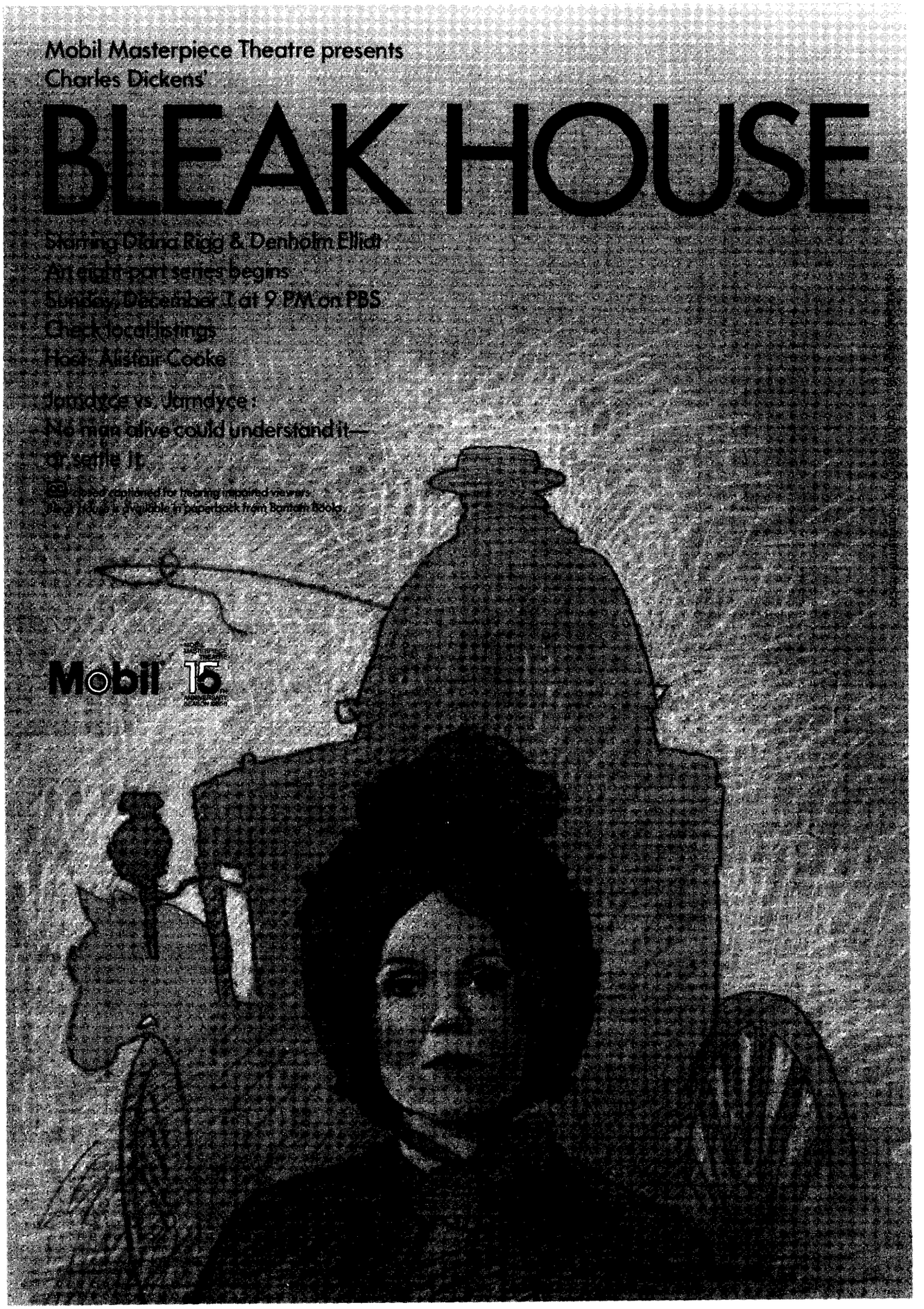


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# Briefings...

## Wonderworks

***"KONRAD," a two-part program, October 7 and 14, 8 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

This year **Wonderworks** has a 25-week season that includes stars such as Loretta Swit, David Birney, Carol Burnett, and Carrie Fisher.

Many a parent has wished he or she could put that boisterous little boy in a box, but Konrad starts out there, a factory-made child delivered to the wrong address. The eccentric Mrs. Bartolotti, stunned by the arrival of the crated Konrad, soon settles into motherhood. Ah, but the factory wants him back and thus begins a hilarious campaign, waged by Ned Beatty and Polly Holliday (the smart-talking Southerner Flo from "Alice"), to keep Konrad (played by Huckleberry Fox, the younger son from *Terms of Endearment*). The programs presented on **Wonderworks** have been chosen with children particularly in mind, and are done with such skill that parents will want to watch as well.

*Produced by the Children's and Family Consortium (WQED, KCET, KTCA, South Carolina ETV, WETA). Funded by CPB, PTV Stations, and the National Endowment for the Arts.*

## Great Performances

***"DR. FISCHER OF GENEVA," October 11, 9 p.m.****
***"OLIVIER: A LIFE," October 25 and November 1, 9 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

TV's longest-running performance series launches its 13th season this fall with a wonderful lineup.

Last year Alan Bates was "An Englishman Abroad"; this year he's abroad again as "Dr. Fischer of Geneva," a wealthy eccentric who takes pleasure in finding out exactly how greedy the rich can be. Based on the Graham Greene story, the show features the late James Mason in one of his final roles.

Also on **Great Performances** this season is "Olivier: A Life," a biography of the great actor.

"I am now in my anecdotage," said Laurence Olivier upon being asked what he planned to do with the rest of his life, and indeed he is in this two-part program of the man critic Kenneth Tynan called "the greatest actor alive." More familiar as the darkly romantic Heathcliff or the classic Henry V, the real-life actor is as fascinating as the characters he has played. Olivier, whose marriage to Vivien Leigh collapsed under her legendary alcoholism and infidelities, once said, "I sometimes have thought that my life was as cursed as some of the characters I played, for after every success I've had, something has come along to muck things up."

*Produced by The Great Performances Alliance: WNET, KERA, KQED, South Carolina ETV, and WTTW. Funded by The Exxon Corporation, the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), CPB, and PTV Stations.*

## Nature

***"AND THEN THE RAINS CAME," October 20, 8 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

The critically acclaimed **Nature** series is back this fall for its fourth season. With stunning wildlife photography and informative narration, the natural world is explored in what has become the most watched regular series on public television. This season **Nature** presents 20 new one-hour programs as well as encore presentations from popular shows of past seasons. The series is hosted and narrated by George Page, who is also in charge of production for WNET.

The season's premiere, "And Then the Rains Came," takes a look at how the animals of Kenya's Tsavo plain survive nature's roller coaster of floods and droughts. The show begins with shots of plains barren from drought; then the rains come and thousands of creatures emerge from underground. But the cycle keeps repeating itself, and the earth returns to its dry and barren state.

*Presented by WNET. Funded by PTV Stations and the American Gas Association.*

Roy Marsden in "Death of an Expert Witness"

***PENN & TELLER GO PUBLIC, a half-hour special, October 23, 9 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

A magic show for people who hate magic shows. That's one way to describe this zany new addition to the PBS fall lineup. The "Penn & Teller" show is currently playing to sell-out crowds on off-Broadway. And for a good reason: their magic tricks are not of the usual variety. During the half-hour shows—in front a live audience—you'll see card tricks that are explained, an escape from a straitjacket, and fire-eating, all accompanied by a running commentary from the "bad boys of magic."

*Produced by KCET. Funded by PTV Stations.*

## Mystery!

***"DEATH OF AN EXPERT WITNESS," a six-part adaptation of the P. D. James mystery, begins October 24 at 9 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

With shrieks, shadows, shots in the dark, "Death of an Expert Witness" opens the new season of **Mystery!** with a start. Hoggatt's is the setting, a forensic science laboratory in England's flat and misty Fen country, where crimes have a way of being committed as well being solved. One body, then two, then three are offered up. The laboratory's scientists can construct a killer from a single strand of hair, but what can they do when there, crumpled up in a corner of the room, is the body of the expert witness?

James's gentlemanly detective, Adam Dalgliesh (played by Roy Marsden), is what the British press call "a thinking man's copper"—an urbane fellow from Scotland Yard who does his sleuthing in a very civilized manner. He puts things right, of course, but not before poking his way through a pack of suspects and discovering an equal number of guilty secrets involving jealousy, desperation, revenge, blackmail, and secretive love.

Filmed entirely on location in Norfolk and the remote East Anglian fens, "Death of an Expert Witness" is the first P. D. James thriller adapted for television.

And also coming up on **Mystery!**

—"My Cousin Rachel," a remake of the classic Du Maurier tale about a young widow suspected of murdering her husband. Geraldine Chaplin stars as the cursed countess in this four-part presentation beginning December 5.* The cast includes Christopher Guard as Philip, Charles Kay (from "The Woman in White") as Ramaldi, and John Shrapnel as Ambrose Ashley.

—From the harsh beauty of Cornwall, it's back to London and Baker Street for six more episodes of the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Jeremy Brett returns as Holmes and David Burke as Watson in the latest dramatization of Arthur Conan Doyle's puzzlers. Fans can look forward to "The Copper Beeches," "The Greek Interpreter," "The Norwood Builder," "The Resident Patient," "The Red-Headed League," and "The Final Problem," beginning January 2.*

Agatha Christie's Miss Marple toddles into view February 13* with the three-part "The Body in the Library," followed by "The Moving Finger" in two episodes, beginning on March 6*.

On March 20 in "Charters and Caldicott," comfortable old Caldicott—taken up with Club, colonies, and cricket—finds the body of a young woman in his apartment. The two eccentric Englishmen (first seen in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes") spend the next three episodes finding out who done it.

**Mystery!** ends its season with five new stories in "Agatha Christie's Partners in Crime," starting May 1.* Set in the Jazz Age of the twenties, the series brings back Francesca Annis and James Warwick as amateur detectives Tuppence and Tommy Beresford.

*Presented by WGBH. Funded by Mobil Corp*

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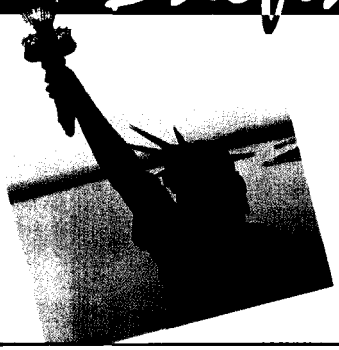
# Briefings...



***THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, a one-hour special, October 28, 9 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

America's most famous lady reaches her 100th birthday next year, and to celebrate, a one-hour documentary, "The Statue of Liberty," will air on public television. Produced and directed by Ken Burns, whose film on the Brooklyn Bridge was nominated for an Academy Award, it traces the history of the statue and includes interviews with Mario Cuomo, James Baldwin, Ray Charles, Jerzy Kosinski, and poet Caroline Forshe.

## Owl/TV

***A weekly series of ten half-hour programs, beginning November 3, 5 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

**OWL/TV** joins **Sesame Street**, **Mister Rogers' Neighborhood**, and **3-2-1 Contact** as part of PBS's programs for kids this fall. In this new series, children learn that the the environment is more than bees, birds, and butterflies. "It might be the bedroom—making costumes out of junk. We need to broaden the word environment," says coproducer Annabel Slaight. "In **OWL**, we have kids making pizza, building a fort. Kids think of their room, their city block as their environment."

But **OWL/TV** doesn't confine itself to the backyard. Most appropriately, they visit the owl lady, a charming champion of screech owls, burrowing owls, great horned owls and, indeed, any owl which has fallen on hard times. As the rescued birds munch their mice, the owl lady pops three abandoned baby owls into a strange nest: "Thank goodness owls can't count. She doesn't know that only three are hers. She thinks all six are."

An imaginative approach to the world around us, **OWL/TV** is being coproduced by Canada's Young Naturalist Foundation and the National Audubon Society, which plans to form Audubon Youth Clubs across the country to give young viewers a chance to become actively involved in nature and science projects. At the same time, the Young Naturalist Foundation will begin publishing its children's magazine, *OWL*, in the United States. "The magazine, while not duplicating the TV show, will tie in with it," says Annabel Slaight, founding editor of the magazine and coproducer of the show.

*Produced by The National Audubon Society and the Young Naturalists Foundation. Presented by WNET.*

## River Journeys

***"A RIVER JOURNEY BY CHRISTINA DODWELL," November 6, 8 p.m.****
***"THE MEKONG WITH WILLIAM SHAWCROSS," November 13, 8 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

Six writers take six different journeys along some of the world's major waterways in "River Journeys." The program won the British Academy of Film and Television Arts Award for best factual series of 1984.

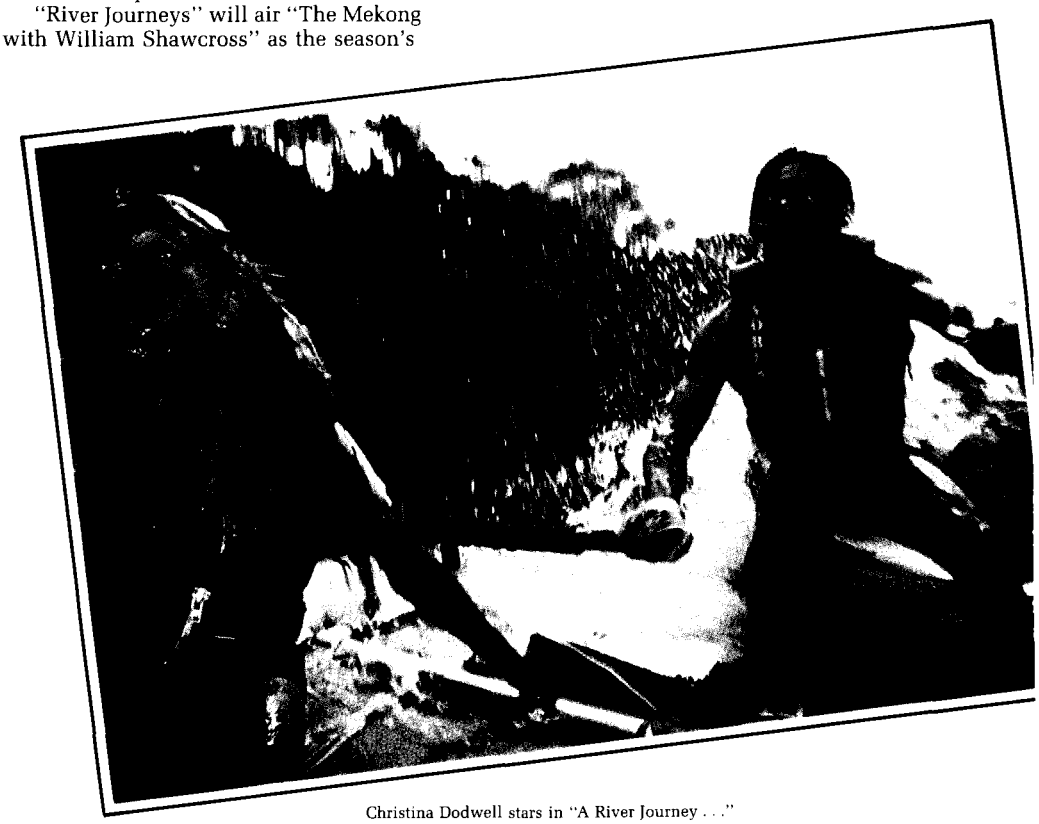
"A River Journey by Christina Dodwell" starts off the series. Dodwell has spent the last ten years exploring the world on horseback and in dugout canoe. She knew about the Waghi River (called the Eater of Men in New Guinea) from an earlier trip and she chose it for her river journey, in company with a team of whitewater rafters.

The banks of the river harbor an exotic world where young boys entering manhood have their skin scored to resemble the scales of a crocodile and where the shriveled bodies of ancestors, smoked over a wood fire until they are as brown and leathery as a tobacco leaf, are hoisted up into baskets to guard the villagers. The native river people are fascinated as they watch the crew pump up the rubber rafts and set off down the deadly river. There are waves that are 20 feet high and black holes where man and raft disappear in a vortex of water. In the end, the river wins. Dodwell, who had never done white-water rafting before, admits to being frightened at first: "Fear can give you a tremendous boost, a surge of adrenalin, but in general it doesn't help at all."

"River Journeys" will air "The Mekong with William Shawcross" as the season's second program. Journalist William Shawcross's journey up the Mekong River, which runs from Tibet through southeast Asia, is as much history lesson as travelogue. The communist officials who arrange his trip announce lyrically that the Mekong is a "river of solidarity." But, says Shawcross, author of *Sideshow* (about American involvement in Cambodia), "The Mekong divides rather than unites the region." Like a pebble skipped across the water, he must hop his way upstream, frequently forced by warring governments to abandon the river and fly on to his next stop. The lives of a peasant people drying rice by the roadside or tethering their goats to the roof of a boat to ferry them to market are viewed against the scenes of recent war—the hulk of a bombed patrol boat juts from the river and Shawcross meets the man who planted the explosive. There is a crippled baby brought out for the cameras, its deformed foot, the communist officials say, the result of defoliants used by the American forces. When Shawcross learns the little boy, who is crying and begging to go home, has been produced seven times for seven film crews, he becomes so upset that he apologizes over and over and finally shouts at the father to take the baby home and keep him there.

Shawcross says that, at first, "traveling in a cocoon of officialdom, I felt as isolated from the Vietnamese as the Americans must have felt—and the French before them." Shawcross, however, is a hard man to isolate. He breaks out time and again to interview the ordinary people of southeast Asia whose lives have so often been disrupted by war.

*Presented by WETA. Funded by PTV Stations.*



Christina Dodwell stars in "A River Journey . . ."

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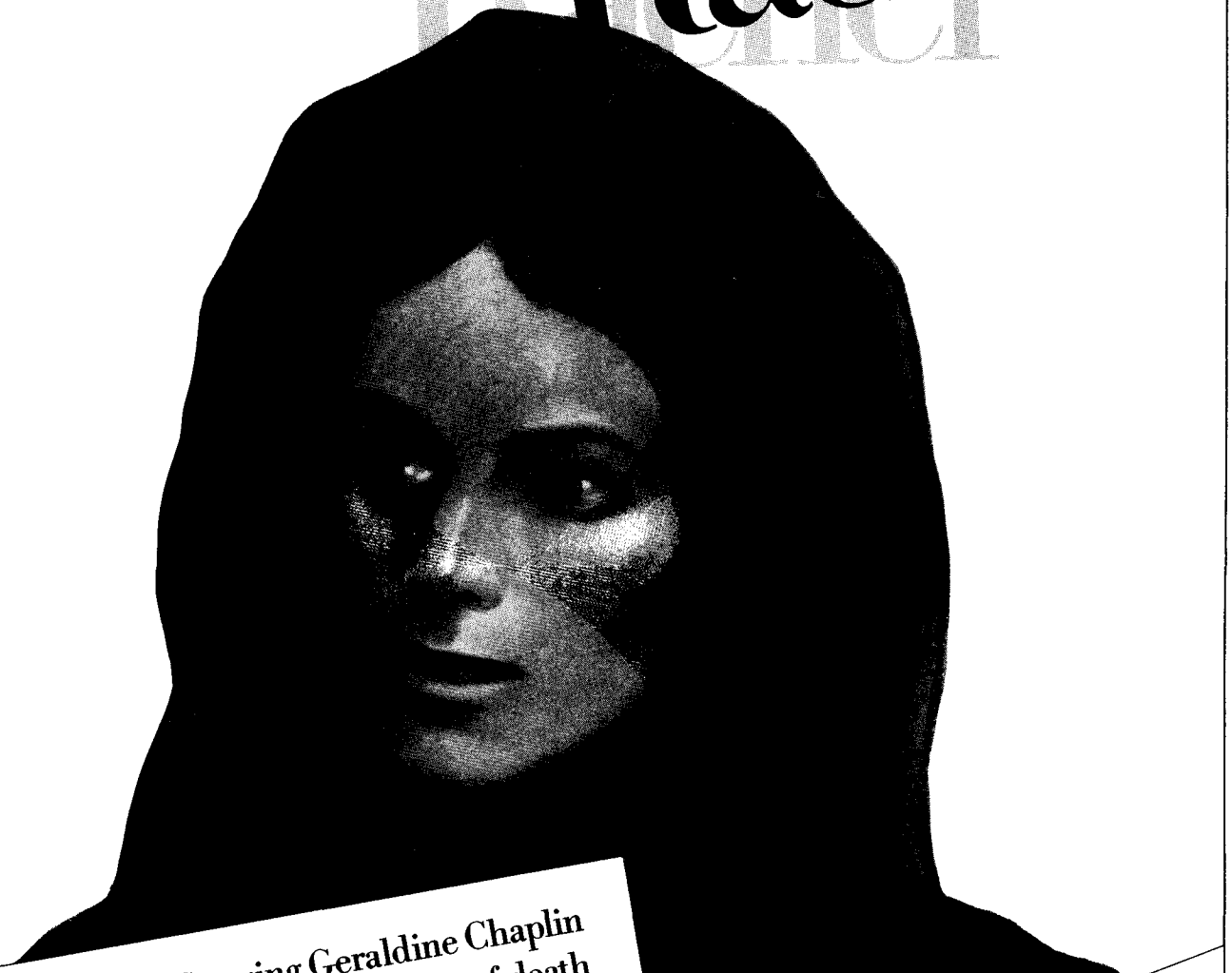
MYSTERY! presents Daphne du Maurier's

# My Cousin Rachel



Starring Geraldine Chaplin
To most men she was an angel—of death
A four-part series begins
Thursday, December 5 at 9 PM on PBS
Check local listings
Host: Vincent Price

CC closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers

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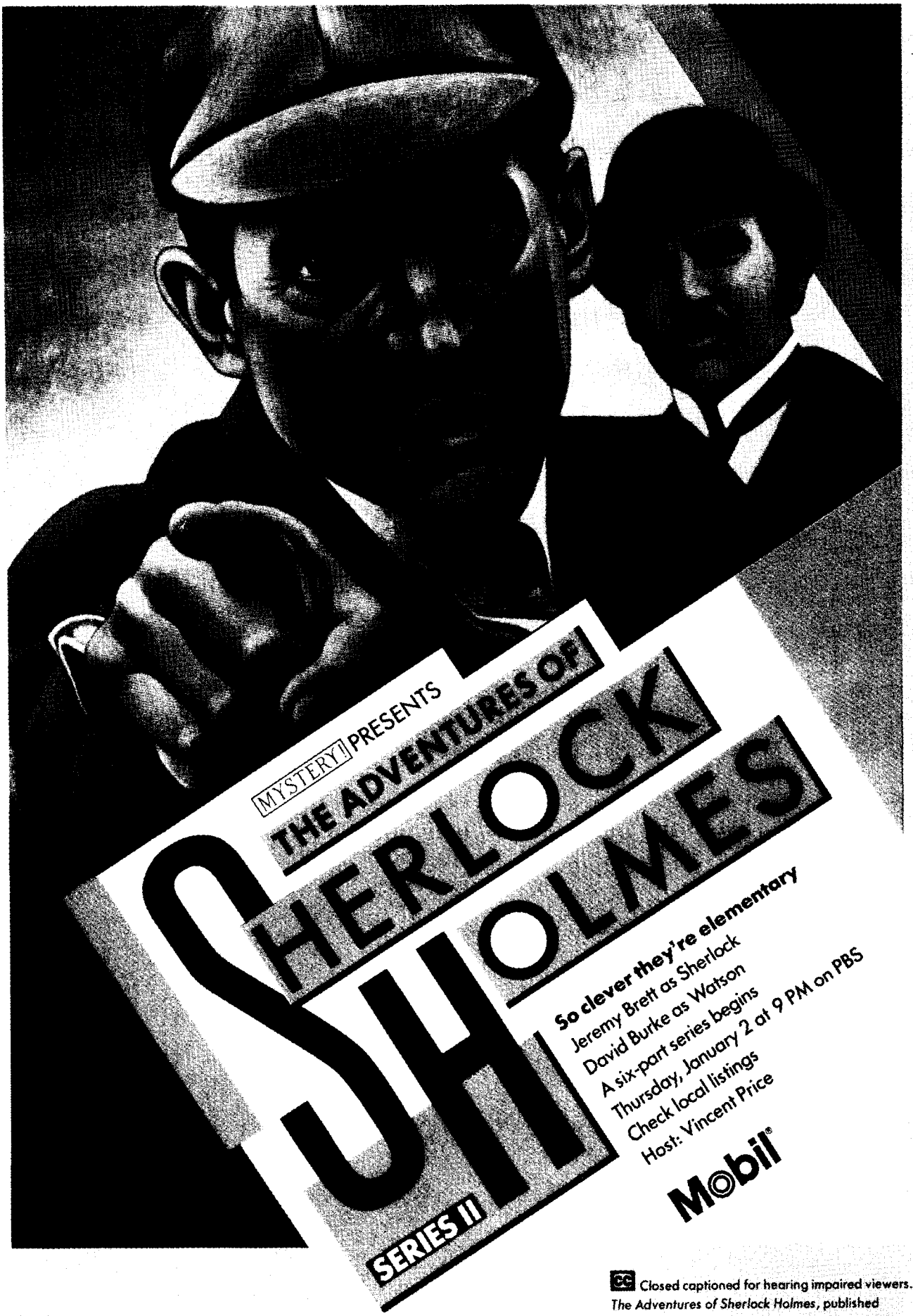


CC Closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers.
*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, published by Dell books, available in local bookstores.

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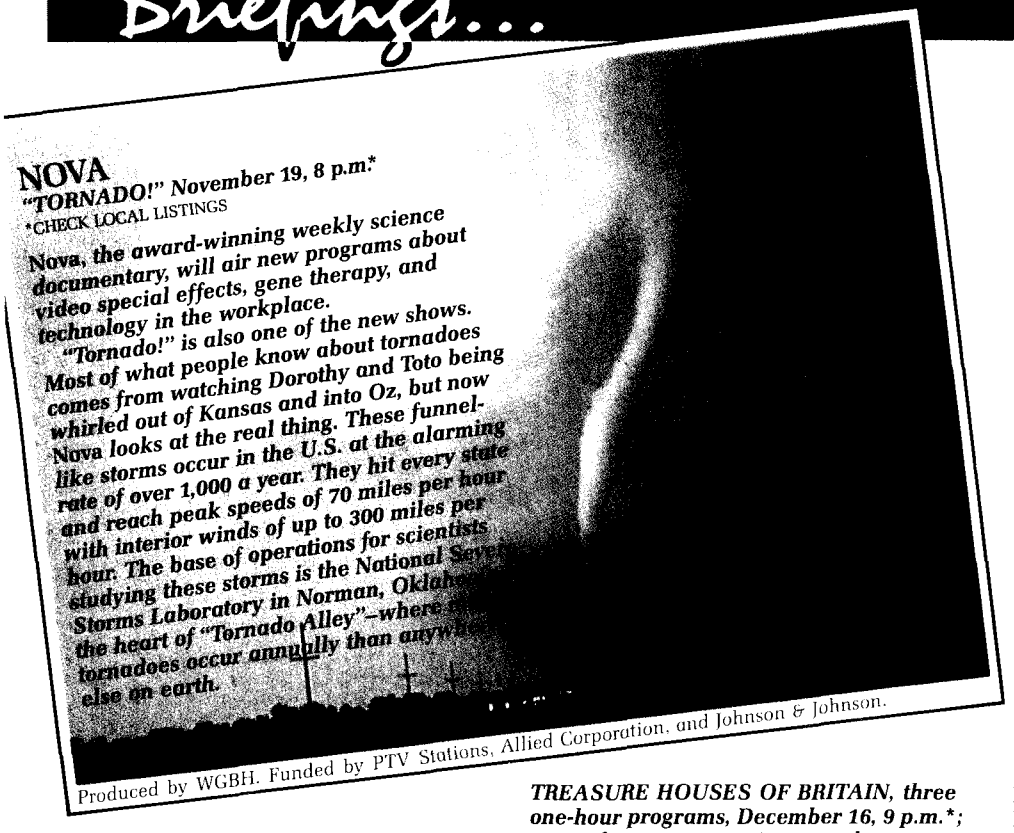
# Briefings...



## NOVA

***"TORNADO!" November 19, 8 p.m.****

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

***Nova, the award-winning weekly science documentary, will air new programs about video special effects, gene therapy, and technology in the workplace.***

***"Tornado!" is also one of the new shows. Most of what people know about tornadoes comes from watching Dorothy and Toto being whirled out of Kansas and into Oz, but now Nova looks at the real thing. These funnel-like storms occur in the U.S. at the alarming rate of over 1,000 a year. They hit every state and reach peak speeds of 70 miles per hour with interior winds of up to 300 miles per hour. The base of operations for scientists studying these storms is the National Severe Storms Laboratory in Norman, Oklahoma, the heart of "Tornado Alley"—where more tornadoes occur annually than anywhere else on earth.***

Produced by WGBH. Funded by PTV Stations, Allied Corporation, and Johnson & Johnson.

### *SMART TALK ON PBS*

And for those caught up with the talk-show biz, there are the following:

**The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**, airing weekdays, is now in its third season covering major news stories with a blend of interviews and discussions, documentary reports and special features.

**Washington Week in Review** wraps it all up at the end of the week, Fridays at 8 p.m.* Paul Duke and a panel of journalists discuss the issues that dominate the front pages.

In **Wall $treet Week** Louis Rukeyser, the only man on TV with his own elves, takes stock of the stocks after taking stock of the news. On Fridays, 8:30 p.m.*

Each week on **Firing Line** that inimitable conservative William Buckley puts a guest to a battle over current events.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

### *CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE, a special 90-minute program, November 20, 9 p.m.**

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

"Every single atom in your body was once within a star"—host Timothy Ferris quotes an astronomer in "The Creation of the Universe," a program that can put a bad day at the office in perspective, reaching back, as it does, 15 billion years to the Big Bang. With five Nobel Laureates on its advisory panel and only one mathematical formula in 90 minutes, "Creation" not only makes quarks, neutrons, and protons as familiar as E.T., but also follows physicists in their search for a Unified Field Theory. This universal formula would account, says Ferris, "for every fundamental process in nature, from the jostling of atoms to the wheeling of the galaxy." Brian Eno wrote the music that accompanies Ferris as he makes his way back through time searching for the secret of the universe.

*Produced by Northstar Associates. Funded by Texas Instruments.*

### *COMET HALLEY, a one-hour special, November 26, 9 p.m.**

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

In 1705 Edmond Halley predicted that the comet later named for him would reappear in 1758. By calculating the orbit of the comet, he moved those bright and mysterious balls from the area of folklore into science. "Comet Halley" will reappear in 1986 and is the subject of a one-hour documentary. The executive producer, John Wilhelm, is a former science correspondent for *Time* and a former senior editor of *Science 80*.

*Produced by John L. Wilhelm, WETA, and Japan's Asahi Broadcasting Corp. Funded by M&M/Mars Inc., the CPB, Asahi Broadcasting Corp., and the Planetary Society.*

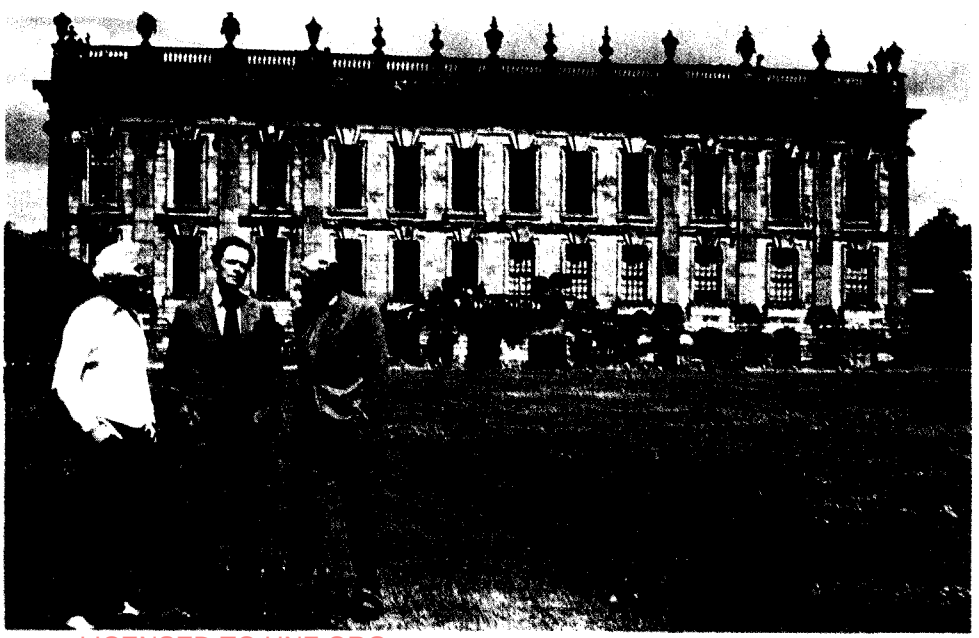
### *TREASURE HOUSES OF BRITAIN, three one-hour programs, December 16, 9 p.m.*; December 23, 10 p.m.*; December 30, 9 p.m.**

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

When you look out on your lawn and sigh at the sight of all those leaves waiting to be raked, think of the poor Duke of Buccleuch with three houses and 300,000 acres, all in need of tending. There are, of course, compensations to being the master of Drumlanrig Castle and Bowhill in Scotland and Boughton House in England: the only privately owned Leonardo da Vinci dwells there, for instance, and 45 Van Dyke miniature portraits hang in a single room. The fine art and fine furniture is so impressive that, according to Nancy Mitford, the curator of the Louvre once apologized to the late Duke that the Louvre's French furniture was not as good as the Buccleuchs'. With the National Gallery of Art opening "The Treasure Houses of Britain: Five Hundred Years of Private Patronage and Art Collecting" on November 3, and Prince Charles and Princess Diana arriving on November 8, PBS checks in with "Treasure Houses of Britain," three one-hour programs strolling through the stately homes from Tudor times to the Victorian era, when newly rich industrialists settled themselves into ersatz castles. The beautiful objects are coupled with good gossip, as when the program explores the caves at West Wycombe where Sir Francis Dashwood and his fellow members of The Hell Fire Club got up to some very naughty things indeed.

*Presented by WETA. Funded in part by the Ford Motor Company.*

One of the treasure houses of Britain



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Mobil Mast

# LORD M
# THE LA

Some called it betrayal– Others, his finest hour

A six-part series starring Nicol Williamson Janet Suzman

Lord Mountbatten: The Last Viceroy published by Pocket Books, is available in local bookstores.

Closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers

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# STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

## Bearing Witness

*Shoah*, which is Hebrew for "holocaust," is the title of a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary of witness. Almost all the people in it were witnesses of the German destruction of the European Jews. Some are survivors of the camps. Some are bystanders who lived near the camps. Some of them are Germans who helped in the Final Solution. Every moment in this film was shot after 1976. I emphasize as strongly as I can: there is not one frame of archival film in *Shoah*, not one frame of the footage made when the camps were liberated in 1945. Again: *everything here was filmed after 1976*. This is a film about surviving witnesses: nine-and-a-half hours of testimony on matters about which everyone on earth knows something and which no one on earth can ever fully comprehend.

*Shoah*
(New Yorker Films)

*Shoah* was made by Claude Lanzmann, who was born in Paris in 1925 and was active in the Resistance during the war, who has a degree in philosophy, and who began working in 1952 with Sartre and de Beauvoir on *Les Temps Modernes*, of which he is still an editor. In 1972 he finished his first film, a documentary called *Why Israel?* With the backing of some individuals, including Israelis, and later with "the participation" of the French Ministry of Culture, he went to work on *Shoah*. He prepared for three-and-a-half years; then, between 1976 and 1981, he used three cinematographers to shoot 350 hours of film in 14 countries. Then followed three years of further work with his editor, Ziva Postec. Obviously *Shoah* was made just in time, while sufficient of the survivors were still alive. The film has been playing in various places in France since May, where it is shown in two parts on different evenings. This is how it is now being shown in New York.

Lanzmann has said, "I have a deep conviction in the correlation between art and morality. My goal was not to make a documentary but an actual film, and I wanted it to be beautiful . . . a work of art with suspense." He can rest easy. Sheerly as film, *Shoah* ranks high. It is not a series of interviews, serially stitched. Form is evoked by establishing a subject, then interweaving his or her interview with others throughout the entire film, for apposition, extension, illumination. Accounts of events in the past are juxtaposed with footage of the camps or countryside or towns as they are today. A texture is created in which past and present, many elements of the past and present, coexist and move toward fusion.

Lanzmann conducts all the interviews and is sometimes seen. When the conversation is in French or German or English, he is alone with the subject. When the interview is in Polish or Yiddish or Hebrew, Lanzmann questions in French (subtitled), an interpreter translates, and the subject responds in his or her language (subtitled). In Marcel Ophuls's *The Sorrow and the Pity*, the most comparable previous film, voices of foreign-language speakers were faded under simultaneous English translation, which is the usual TV method. Clearly this method is more condensed, crystallized. But Lanzmann's method conveys a sense of digging, exploration, archaeology. I found myself thinking: "Suppose it *could* be done more quickly. What would I do with the time I had saved?" Besides, Lanzmann's method in some degree aids the idea of suspense that he was after. (What will be the reply to this question?)

*Shoah* focuses largely on the death camps, which were in Poland and which can be at least nominally distinguished from the concentration/labor camps in Germany and the West. No film exists of the extermination procedure, says Lanzmann, and he wanted to make a record—by different sorts of witnesses. The only prominent non-witness in the film is Raul Hilberg, author of the outstanding history of this subject, *The Destruction of the European Jews*. The commentary by Hilberg, interviewed at his Vermont home, recurs like a series of quiet, reflective moments.

The film begins at Chelmno, not far from Lodz, where in December 1941 the first Jews were exterminated by gas. They were packed into closed trucks, and the exhaust fumes from the motors were fed into the enclosed vans while the trucks moved to the spot where the bodies would be burned. (This was before the later, improved gas chamber method.) In January 1945, just before the Soviet troops arrived, the Germans shot all the remaining "work detail" Jews of Chelmno in the head. One youth, Simon Srebnik, survived. Lanzmann found him in Israel and brought him back to Chelmno. The villagers remember him as a 13-year-old, his ankles chained as were those of all members of Jewish work details, who sang as he worked. Srebnik sings one of his songs. Then he takes us to the place in the woods where the bodies were burned.

> I can't believe I'm here. No, I just can't believe it. It was always this peaceful here. Always. When they burned two thousand

### FILMS WORTH SEEING

*After Hours*. A Manhattan yuppie's midnight-to-morn escapades in Soho. Martin Scorsese's fine satanic direction doesn't quite suit the light script, but there's adventure in it. (Reviewed 10/14/85)

*Back to the Future*. Fresh time-machine fun. A teenager, whirled back 30 years, finds himself uncomfortably involved in his parents' high school romance. (8/5/85)

*Plenty*. David Hare's screen adaptation of his play flattens much of its tension, and Meryl Streep as an Englishwoman who suffers postwar letdown lets *us* down. But some of the dialogue and some of the actors (John Gielgud!) are sparkling. (9/30/85)

*Wetherby*. David Hare again, this time writing *and* directing. An inquiry into moral numbness that gets a bit numbed en route; but there's bright writing and, supremely, Vanessa Redgrave. (8/12&19/85)

**SK**



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people—Jews—every day, it was just as peaceful. No one shouted. Everyone went about his work. It was silent. Peaceful. Just as it is now.

(I'm quoting from the text of *Shoah*, just published here by Pantheon Books. It has already been published in France.) Then Srebnik sings one of the songs that the German soldiers taught him.

The last subject, nine-and-a-half hours later, is Simha Rottem, one of the few survivors of the resistance in the Warsaw ghetto in early 1943. He is interviewed in the Ghetto Fighters' Museum on a kibbutz named for them in Israel. He recounts how on May 1 of that year he and another fighter were sent out of the ghetto through a tunnel into the city to make a certain contact. He was stunned by the life of the city. "The cafés operated normally, the restaurants, buses, streetcars, and movies were open." A week later he returned to the ghetto through a sewer and found only charred bodies. He heard a woman's voice in the rubble, but he couldn't find her.

I didn't meet a living soul. At one point I recall feeling a kind of peace, of serenity. I said to myself: "I'm the last Jew. I'll wait for morning, and for the Germans."

These are the closing words. We see a shot from the front of a train rolling slowly toward the gate of Treblinka; the film ends.

THAT SHOT from the train is one of the chief visual motifs in *Shoah*. Between segments of interviews, often over a speaker's voice, the camera rolls down the tracks to the gate of Treblinka today, or pulls back from it. Early in the film Lanzmann interviews Henrik Gawkowski, one of the railroad engineers who had been assigned to push cars from the station at Malkinia down the spur line to Treblinka. Gawkowski recalls the screams from the cars, and Lanzmann asks if he got used to that. The translated reply:

No. It was extremely distressing to him. . . . The Germans gave him and the other workers vodka to drink. Without drinking, they couldn't have done it. . . . He drank every drop he got because without liquor he couldn't stand the stench when he got here. They even bought more liquor on their own, to get drunk on.

Gawkowski made that trip two or three times a week for a year and a half. He reenacts a trip for Lanzmann. He gets in the cab of a locomotive and goes down the tracks again, the camera behind him. When he gets to the gate, he stops the locomotive, looks back at the camera, draws a finger across his throat, and grins.

"No one was supposed to be left to bear witness," says Richard Glazar, a survivor of Treblinka who now lives in Switzerland. But witness is borne in *Shoah*, of several death camps, in graphic detail. One different sort of witness is Jan Karski, a gentile Pole who now teaches in America and who in 1942 was a secret courier between Warsaw and the Polish government in exile. He tells how he was asked by two Jewish leaders to carry word to the outside world of what was happening in the ghetto. He was escorted into the ghetto so that he could personally attest to the truth of what he was to report; and even today Karski can scarcely make himself speak of what he saw.

SOME of the witnesses attest to more than they know. For instance, a group of the inhabitants of Chelmno cluster amiably around Simon Srebnik in front of the village church. Inside the church the birth of the Virgin Mary is being celebrated. The villagers recall that it was in this church that Jews were held until the death vans picked them up at the door. Lanzmann asks the villagers why they think the Jews were killed. "Because they were the richest," replies one, and another adds, "Many Poles were also exterminated. Even priests." Then one of the villagers volunteers a story he heard of how a rabbi in another town explained the extermination to his fellow Jews: that at long last the Jews were expiating their guilt for the death of Christ. "That's all," says the villager to Lanzmann. "Now you know."

Three of the interview subjects are Germans who were involved in the extermination procedures. One of these conversations was apparently shot as all the others were—the one with Walter Stier, who worked for the Reich railways first in Krakow, then in Warsaw, and who was head of the department that routed "special" trains. He thought that these were resettlement trains. (Indeed some trains had first-class coaches carrying well-to-do Jews from western Europe who were thus convinced that they were merely being moved.) Stier was "strictly a bureaucrat" with no knowledge of the killings. Knowledge of the exterminations came as "a big surprise." Lanzmann says: "You had no idea." Stier: "Not the slightest. Like that camp—what was its name? It was in the Oppeln district . . . I've got it: Auschwitz!"

Two of the interviews with Germans were filmed without the subjects' knowledge. Lanzmann presented himself as a historian who wanted to consult participants for accuracy. He met each in a hotel room with a hidden microphone. A small TV camera was in his companion's shoulder bag. During these interviews we get glimpses of the interior of a TV control van outside where the talk is being monitored. (I'm told that Lanzmann paid for these consultations and that he had himself filmed handing over the payments.)

One of these men is Franz Grassler, who was deputy to the German commissioner in charge of the Warsaw ghetto and who, like Stier, speaks of his work bureaucratically. The other is Franz Suchomel, a gentle, round-cheeked, white-haired man, who was SS Unterscharführer at Treblinka. He and Lanzmann sit before a map of Treblinka, and he carefully explains various aspects of the extermination complex, as a military veteran might clarify a battle plan out of his past. In one portion of the Suchomel interview, Lanzmann asks him how it was possible to "process" 18,000 people in a day. Modestly, Suchomel says, "Mr. Lanzmann, that's an exaggeration. Believe me . . . 12,000 to 15,000." He says it as if Lanzmann were paying him and his colleagues too much honor. Shortly before this, Suchomel has sung a song. New "worker Jews" were taught to sing this song, of devotion to duty, when they arrived in the morning, and they had to know it by evening. Lanzmann asks him to sing it again. He does. Then the gentle old man says, "Satisfied? That's unique. No Jew knows that today!"

SOME OBSERVERS have called the 20th century the worst in human history. In moral terms this is not demonstrable. It seems the worst century to us because the means of slaughter have been so far advanced and because it is *our* century. We had long been tempted to read history as progressive. It is a shock, continuing, almost unbearable, to understand what this century has done to that temptation. But beneath the words of its witnesses, this film bears witness to the deepest of ironies: we have to live with, accommodate, that continuing shock. Or else we may as well burn *Shoah* now. □



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# ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

## Souls On Ice

When *The Iceman Cometh* was first produced by the Theater Guild in the mid-1940s, hostile intellectual critics invidiously compared it with Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* and Gorky's *The Lower Depths*. After it was successfully revived ten years later by Circle in the Square, commentators began to recognize that, for all its clumsy dialogue, repetitiveness, and schematic plotting, the play was a great work that surpassed even those distinguished influences in depth and power. Today, almost 40 years after its initial appearance with James Barton and Dudley Digges, *The Iceman Cometh* has been restaged at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre by the original director of the Circle in the Square revival (Jose Quintero) with the same Hickey (Jason Robards) and, despite arthritic moments in the production, emerges not only richer than ever but as the inspiration for much that has been written for the stage since.

*The Iceman Cometh*
by Eugene O'Neill

The play resonates. It is at the same time familiar and strange. One is caught in its potent grip as by a gnarled and crippled hand. Robards, with his past history of alcoholism and air of personal suffering, has always been the American actor who shows the greatest personal affinity with O'Neill's spiritual pain, and this blood kinship, coupled with a valiant heart, carries him through the handicaps of playing Hickey in his late 60s. Hair darkened, face rouged, mouth dentured, energy flagging, Robards would now appear to be too old for the part, and there are times when he seems less to be living his role than remembering it. Still, if the performance is a bit of an overpainting, Robards has belonged to Hickey for many years, and when this remarkable actor makes his first entrance in a boater and off-the-rack pin-striped suit, throwing his bankroll at Rocky the bartender and exhorting the inmates of Harry Hope's saloon in his slurred whiskey bass, there is a thrill of simultaneous immediacy and recognition.

Age has given Robards an extraordinary translucency—pallid skin, transparent eyes. His Hickey continually promises his drunken friends the reward of spiritual peace (each act but the last ends on the word "happy"), but for all his drummer's energy, finger snapping, vaudeville physicality, and carny shill delivery, he is a ghost from the moment he walks on stage. Robards is continually undermining his character's professed optimism, as when he gets "sleepy all of a sudden," trips over a chair, and falls into a faint; Robards's face goes slack as though he's had a minor stroke. For while Hickey has the remorseless cheeriness of an American evangelist (he was no doubt inspired by Billy Sunday or by Bruce Barton's characterization of Jesus as the world's greatest salesman), only Larry Slade looks as deeply into the abyss of life without hope or redemption.

Robards is surrounded by a fine cast, the one weakness being Paul McCrane's rather flaccid Parritt. Barnard Hughes is a roistering Harry Hope, John Christopher Jones an intellectually degenerate Willie Oban, James Greene a gaunt Jimmy Tomorrow, and Donald Moffat a dignified Larry Slade, while most of the smaller roles are played with strength. Still, Robards's realism, even when unfulfilled, is of such intensity that it sometimes makes the others seem a little "classical." Take Barnard Hughes, so ingratiating and roguish when holding court in his saloon but not quite anguished enough when his "pipe dream" is exposed, or Donald Moffat, quietly eloquent and detached throughout the play, yet resorting to languorous legato cadences in his time of agonizing self-recognition.

And I wish that Quintero had been a little bolder in his approach. Ben Edwards's bar setting is selectively seedy, and Jane Greenwood's costumes really look like secondhand clothes that have been rotting on the bodies of the characters. But apart from the opening scene, with the stubble-bearded living-dead derelicts sleeping open-mouthed under Thomas R. Skelton's pasty light, there has been little effort to suggest that this is a world at the bottom of the sea or that *The Iceman Cometh* has a reverberant symbolic interior as well as a naturalist facade. Quintero acknowledges O'Neill's hints (in his archaic title


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and elsewhere) that Hickey and his 12 companions bear a strong resemblance to Christ and his disciples—Parritt being Judas and Larry being Peter, the rock on which he builds his church—and that Harry Hope's birthday party is based on the Last Supper (his actors fall into poses inspired by Leonardo da Vinci's painting, Hickey hovering over them with his palms outstretched).

But otherwise the production is a retread of the one staged in 1956, as if nothing had happened to the theater in 30 years. Even the exits and entrances seem designed for Broadway applause. I don't mean this version is old-fashioned—it has too much life for that—and I admit that a more imaginative interpretation might very well have obscured the play's intentions. Still, O'Neill was a very reluctant convert to Ibsenite realism ("holding the family Kodak up to ill-nature," as he called it) and never truly abandoned his devotion to symbolic substructures. A play as thickly faceted (and familiar) as this one deserves more audacious treatment.

Even conventionally staged, however, *The Iceman Cometh* has lost none of its consuming power. The play is long—it lasts almost five hours—and sometimes painfully repetitious, since each character is identified by a single obsession that he continually restates. Thus, each act offers a single variation on the theme of illusion. The action never bursts into spontaneous life; and the characters rarely escape O'Neill's rigid control, as, say, Falstaff escapes Shakespeare's or Mother Courage escapes Brecht's. Still, one must recognize that the work consists not of one but of 13 plays, each with its own story; O'Neill has multiplied his antagonists in order to illuminate every possible aspect of his theme, and every rationalization, whether religious, racial, political, sexual, psychological, or philosophical, with which humankind labors to escape the truths of raw existence. And in some crazy inexplicable way, the very length of the play contributes to its impact, as if we had to be exposed to virtually every aspect of universal suffering in order to feel its full force.


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THIS exhaustiveness of design probably accounts for the influence of *The Iceman Cometh* on so much subsequent work; seeing the play today is like reading the family tree of modern drama. Surely, *Death of a Salesman*, also recently revived (superbly) as a film for television, owes a strong debt to *The Iceman Cometh*, with its O'Neillian theme of an illusory tomorrow embodied in another philandering drummer cheating on another saintly wife in out-of-town hotels. (The name Willy Loman even unconsciously echoes O'Neill's character Willie Oban.) Hickey's long-delayed entrance ("Would that Hickey or Death would come") may have inspired a similar long-awaited figure, Beckett's Godot, who, like Hickey, stands in an almost supernatural punitive relationship to hapless derelicts. And there is no question that Jack Gelber's dazed junkies in *The Connection* owe a great deal to O'Neill's drunks in Harry Hope's "End of the Line Cafe," just as it is likely that if the play were written today, the characters would have been drug addicts.

I cite this partial list of influences not to swell the secondary reading list of the dramatic lit syllabus but to suggest how a great play over time becomes a seedbed of riches. And *The Iceman Cometh* is as great a play as the modern theater has produced. The current production brings no new insights. It is occasionally badly paced and laborious, especially in the overly schematic third act; and the actors, gifted as they are, sometimes draw back from the preci-



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pice. But by the conclusion of this long evening, this masterwork has managed to cut to the bone, and that makes the production a signal event in any Broadway season.

NOTE: In an article on Washington's American National Theatre, where this version of *The Iceman Cometh* was first produced (replacing a previously announced Mae West vehicle to be directed by artistic director Peter Sellars), I speculated that the return of pre-Broadway tryouts to the Kennedy Center meant "that either Sellars is overcommitted elsewhere or that Roger Stevens has decided to reestablish command of his deficit-ridden theater." I have since been authoritatively informed that *The Iceman Cometh* was always under consideration for the ANT season, but could not be officially announced until it had acquired a Broadway producer and Broadway booking, by request of the director and star. I apologize for my inaccurate speculations, and for blaming Mr. Stevens for decisions made by Mr. Sellars.

# HIGH MARX

## The Nature and Logic of Capitalism by Robert L. Heilbroner

(Norton, 225 pp., $15.95)

Robert Heilbroner's special place in American economics is based on his formidable knowledge of both economic history and the history of economic ideas, combined with his persuasively egalitarian convictions. In his diverse writings, Heilbroner has maintained a sage ambivalence toward that other triple-threat man, Karl Marx. In his fine 1980 exegesis, *Marxism: For and Against*, Heilbroner, rejecting Marx's prophecies, nonetheless wrote that Marx's analysis of capitalism as a system of social relations "strikes me as one of the most remarkable and illuminating acts of intellectual penetration of which we have record."

Thus it is not entirely surprising that in his own synthesis, *The Nature and Logic of Capitalism*, Heilbroner should be heavily influenced by Marx. Like the bourgeois gentleman of Molière, amazed to find himself speaking prose, Heilbroner, as we encounter him in the preface, is a bit startled that he is more or less speaking Marx. "For some readers," Heilbroner writes, clearing his throat,

> Marx's thought will no doubt appear as the single most pervasive and important influence. For others, . . . what is apt to be noticeable are the distances and differences that separate my vision from that of much Marxian scholarship. . . .

The disclaimer is probably unnecessary. The book is so cogently argued that its Marxian aspects hardly taint Heilbroner. On the contrary, the overall effect is to make the bourgeois reader rethink his wholesale dismissal of Marx. What Heilbroner has done in this spare, witty volume is nothing less than to rescue the Marxian method from the dreary scholasticism and brutal statecraft of the Marxists. In doing so, Heilbroner reminds us that Marx still deserves to be taken very seriously as a political economist.

With Marx (and for that matter with Schumpeter, Adam Smith, and the editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal*), Heilbroner invites the reader to regard capitalism as a coherent system with powerful organizing principles, imperatives, and magnetic pulls. All social orders, says Heilbroner, have an organizing logic. He begins by contrasting capitalism with political systems that have a single realm of authority. Authority in a capitalist system typically resides in two realms: state and market. Of these, the coercive power of the market is more indirect and elusive than that of the state. Despite its ostensibly private character, however, it must be understood as a dominant political factor. For the logic of capitalism as an economic system spills over into far-flung social and cultural spheres, subjecting even noneconomic relationships to the utilitarian criteria and social discipline of commodity and exchange.


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"The market needs a place," wrote the late liberal economist Arthur Okun, "and the market needs to be kept in its place." But for Heilbroner the essence of capitalism is that the market *won't* stay in its place.

Capitalism must be understood first as a system of accumulation, says Heilbroner, and neither Marx, Smith, nor the American Council for Capital Formation would take issue with that. In the drive to convert money into capital, and into more capital and more money, the capitalist, unlike the possessor of aristocratic or feudal or sacred wealth, must constantly place what he has at risk. "Capital is powerful only insofar as it continuously runs the gauntlet of circulation, each capitalist necessarily distributing his money into the hands of the public," and competing daily to "win back from the public at large the capital he has disbursed. . . . *This continuous dissolution and recapture is the essence of the process of competition*" (Heilbroner's emphasis).

Capitalists, vulnerable to cutthroat competition from other capitalists, to the wage-demands of their workers, to shifts in public tastes, and to technological revolutions, are continually seeking safe harbors. They try to safeguard their capital by substituting machines for human labor, by intermittently seeking the protection of the state, by persuading people ("consumers") that they need unwanted products, by going offshore, by inventing technological advances that provide a temporary leg up on the competition. More than the acquisitive drive that is mistakenly posited as a universal human trait, it is this paradoxical vulnerability that gives capitalism its pulsating character as an acquisitive system, and its nervous energy. The upside of the system is splendid technological dynamism, invention, and possibility. The downside is insecurity, social upheaval, and systemic instability. For as capitalism rolls on, it episodically overwhelms the stage on which it plays.

Heilbroner identifies four periods of industrial capitalism, each of which succumbed to a crisis of regime involving saturation of markets, or depressions, or institutional impasses, or violent social clashes over shares, but each of which gave way to new institutions and new social compromises. The latest such crisis, post-1973, Heilbroner calls a "crisis of intervention"—a renewed struggle over the terms on which state and market coexist. Struggle, but not apocalypse; for as Heilbroner acknowledges, capitalism has proven far more adaptive than Marx imagined, though nearly as turbulent.

THIS perspective, essentially Marxian but not slavishly so, enables Heilbroner to illuminate several facets of capitalism that are simply ignored in standard neoclassical economics: its social relations, its broad historical trajectory, its intrusion into political and cultural realms, and above all its "mystifying" ideological power.

"In the idealized representation of capitalism as economics," he slyly writes, "the capitalist becomes a personage without any power whatsoever." But, says Heilbroner, to equate the vulnerability of the individual capital-owner with the vulnerability of the individual wage-worker is to conceal the fundamental inequalities of their relative power and social position. The most basic manifestation of this inequality of power is that the work product belongs to the capitalist, not the employee: "It is enlightening to reflect on the question of who can lay claim to the cars that roll off the General Motors assembly line," Heilbroner writes. That the cars belong to "the company," that a longtime loyal worker can be fired at will as a surplus commodity, are such commonplace realities in our system


*"Be influenced by as many great writers as you can."*
—Ezra Pound

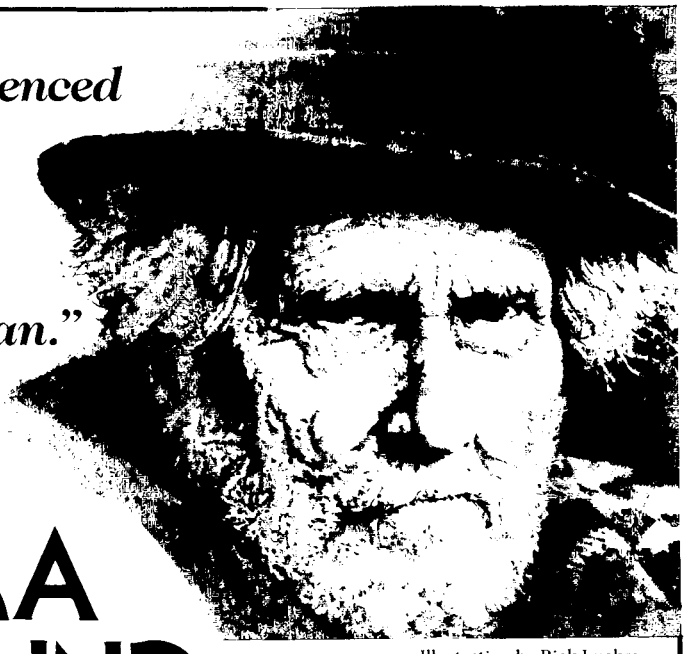

Illustration by Rick Luckow

EZRA POUND among the Poets

Edited by GEORGE BORNSTEIN

In celebration of the centenary of Ezra Pound's birth, ten leading critics explore the extent to which he followed his own dictum and to which he has been an influence on modern poets.

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that their deepest political implications are rarely noticed or examined.

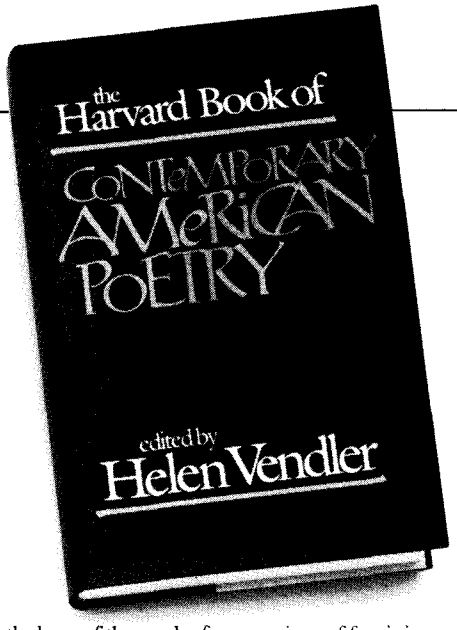
Not only does capitalism turn labor into a commodity, but as market principles become ubiquitous, the relentless quest for new grist also drives the marketplace to invade other human arenas. Witness the annoying commercialization of everything from sport to art to computer dating, which strikes most of us as a casualty of modern times, vaguely disagreeable and characteristically American, but which the Marxian method understands as a quite logical systemic imperative known as "commodification." Even the local public square—reborn as the private shopping mall—is now a creature of the market.

As the marketplace becomes steadily more "efficient," that is to say, more encroaching, it treats even ideas as commodities, Heilbroner observes:

> It becomes a characteristic of bourgeois culture that the most outrageous—indeed, even overtly subversive—books, games, motion pictures, art, or even style can be quickly absorbed ("coopted") by the system.

As long as her books and films and fitness salons fetch buyers in the marketplace, Jane Fonda is a good capitalist, no matter that her ideas are socialist. Once subversive ideas "are denatured by becoming commodities," capitalism tolerates them, and in the process trivializes them.

THIS rumination about the commercial trivialization of ideas, rather more persuasive than Herbert Marcuse's rendition of the same phenomenon as "repressive tolerance," leads Heilbroner to a further insight that will be more comforting to conservatives than to most Marxists. On the whole, says Heilbroner, "bourgeois" liberties are not a sham, but a triumph, and one that has only thrived in capitalist societies. Precisely because capitalism is a rationalized and "desacralized" system, with a complex, indirect ideology rather than a fealty to sacred beliefs, it can tolerate heresies. "It is only *because* ideas are [mere] commodities," Heilbroner argues, "that they can be so lightly and indifferently regarded." But this is a doubled-edged concession. On the one hand, it warns socialists that they had better worry about how a "more ideologically unified society would cope with dissent." On the other hand, it suggests that in the "commodified culture"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so characteristic of advanced capitalism "ideas thrive but morality languishes."

Because Heilbroner is at bottom a freethinker, not writing for a Marxist audience or trying to demonstrate loyalty to a particular doctrine, he does not hesitate to take from the Marxian tradition what is persuasive and unsentimentally throw overboard what is not. For Heilbroner, the state is no "executive committee of the ruling class," but a separate realm with a very complex relationship to capital, one that is often subordinate, sometimes adversarial, always enmeshed.

Though the state is a distinct realm and not a puppet, capital nonetheless has substantial influence over the course the state pursues. "The power to tax may be the power to destroy," Heilbroner deftly observes, "but the ability to tax presupposes the existence of a working economy." Few tax reformers have been able to effectively surmount the ideological claim that their reforms would sicken the golden capitalist goose. Heilbroner counsels that in analyzing a market political system, with its "mystifying diffusion of political and economic powers and functions," one should examine the entire "regime of capital," not just the nominal state: "There are vital economic functions exercised by the governing branch of capitalism just as there are powerful political ones exercised by its economic branch."

HEILBRONER is at his very best discussing the ideological aspect of capitalism, lately in full flower. Under capitalism, the use of profitability as the definitive test of an activity's worth gives the marketplace what Heilbroner calls "a blanket moral exemption," which makes meaningless

> such questions as: Which of two equally profitable undertakings is the better? Can one call wasteful any undertaking that returns a satisfactory profit? Is it possible to condemn on moral grounds legal and profitable actions, such as the decision to relocate a plant at the cost of community disruption? Thus a kind of moral pardon is applied to all licit activities of the capital-accumulating sector, although in the so-called public sector, where the absorption of losses rather than the accumulation of capital takes place, no such justification is available, so that moral obloquy and standards are constantly brought to bear.

Heilbroner's analysis unmasks the "presumptive innocence" of the market as an ideological conviction; and though this formulation owes a certain debt to Marx, it is ultimately a more sustainable basis for a liberal critique than the ad hoc indignation of the American consumer, environmental, and "quality of worklife" movements. Lacking a coherent theory, these meliorative protests too readily give way to a naive call for more public-spirited, gentle forms of capitalism, rather than deeper changes in power relationships.

DESPITE its obfuscation of underlying social relations, the purpose of the market ideology, Heilbroner astutely writes, "is not to mystify but to clarify; not to mislead the lower classes but to enlighten all classes" as to the essential goodness of the profit motive, for both the rulers and the ruled.

> These powerful prescriptions, ground into the lenses through which the ruling class observes its own actions, provide the moral self-assurance without which it could not carry on its historic mission with such dedicated conviction.

Quite so. But *ruling class*? Couldn't the man have used a more presentable euphemism, like "elite"? I suspect Heilbroner retains the term calculatingly, for shock value, since ordinarily he is an essayist who mints a fresh metaphor as nonchalantly as a lesser writer reaches for a cliché. Indeed, so secure is Heilbroner in his careful eclecticism that he is willing to appropriate and retool the most shopworn Marxian concepts whenever their rehabilitation seems worthwhile. In this case, he seems to be hazarding his own ample capital stock to challenge the reader not to reject the idea of a "ruling class" out of hand.

Seemingly, it strains credulity to conceive of such diverse capitalists as Calvin Klein, David Rockefeller, Jane Fonda, and Steven Jobs as representing the same ruling "class." But in Heilbroner's usage, these diverse people, as capitalists, all represent the same moral fulfillment of the system's "purposes," and as profit maximizers all are subject to the same imperatives. Heilbroner does not directly address how meaningful it is to speak of a ruling class when there is substantial mobility among social classes, as in America, nor whether the concept applies equally in a society with a huge class of semi-autonomous professionals, civil servants, pensioners, etc. These are issues I wish he had addressed. His implicit answer is that, regardless of the diversity of a society or the class origins of an individual playing the role of entrepreneur or statesman, in a capitalist economy a leading role itself imposes certain behavior and values, and it is these that finally drive the system. For all their professed differences, Gerry Ferraro and George Bush looked remarkably like birds of the same feather.

Heilbroner's discussion sheds light on the present ideological quandary of the hapless Democrats as the vaguely left-of-center party in a system whose only broadly legitimate ideology is capitalism. Though they don't quite admit it lately, liberal Democrats are essentially in the business of posing citizenship values against the all-encompassing value system of the market. Is labor a commodity? Of course not: labor is people. Are the distributive outcomes of the market game necessarily just? No, obviously, often they aren't. Does parliamentary capitalism require the countervailing influence of the liberal state to stay on an even keel? Evidently it does. Are there human values other than exchange values? Certainly there are. But the intellectual and ideological imperialism of resurgent capitalism is so potent just now that most liberal Democrats, who in America cannot call themselves socialists, or even social democrats, have no competing worldview, so they are left to embrace the same capitalist dogmas championed by conservatives, but with less conviction.

NOT surprisingly, Heilbroner has little regard for the conventions of standard economics, and he devotes a final chapter to the epistemology of social science in general and economics in particular. The mechanistic assumption of a rational, profit-maximizing individual and a free market that translates individual choices into a general common good is as metaphysical, says Heilbroner, as the most stereotyped Marxism:

> At one end of the spectrum . . . is the reductionism of vulgar Marxism, where all social evolution is seen as proceeding in a mechanical fashion from the self-expansion of capital; at the other end of the spectrum is the vulgar reductionism of modern theoretical economics, which perceives capitalism merely as a neutral field of property rights in which monadic individuals pursue their private utility-maximizing ends in the social vacuum. . . .

When all is said and done, Heilbroner's purpose is to explain, not to deplore or exhort. It may be beyond the



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talents of even a Heilbroner to make neo-Marxian analysis respectable for American liberals, but this is as worthy an attempt as we are likely to see. More than a rehabilitation of the scholarly Marx, the book finally is a call to reinvent political economy, to reconnect the abstract, disembodied realm of the "economy" to concrete society and historic time. In our own day, this huge realm has been ignored by most non-Marxian economists. But as Heilbroner observes, Adam Smith as well as Karl Marx understood capitalism as a social system and *homo economicus* as a social creature. That perspective, abandoned by Smith's disciples, is simply too powerful to leave to the Marxists.

ROBERT KUTTNER

# BAD HOUSEKEEPING

## The Good Terrorist
## by Doris Lessing

(Knopf, 368 pp., $16.95)

It is not easy to understand why Doris Lessing became such a formidable presence among contemporary novelists. She is often a clumsy writer. Her early novels and stories, despite their exotic setting in Southern Rhodesia, were conventional accounts of growing up in a racist society, and rebelling against the constrictions of family and class. Much of her later work, which she sought to make complex, is hard to read, capricious in form, and grimly didactic. She can be dismally humorless, and a sucker for specious answers to thorny questions. In the course of her prolific career, she has frequently spelled out her various and drastic changes of faith in novels that are laborious tracts rather than works of literary conviction or skill. In her new novel, *The Good Terrorist*, a lifeless account of radical squatters in present-day London, she's grimly realistic, but what she means to convey by this squalid reality is obscure.

An early convert to communism while she was still living in colonial Africa, Lessing joined the British party after moving to England in the late 1940s. In 1956, the year of the Hungarian revolution and of Khrushchev's revelations about the horrors of Stalinism, she left the party and began searching for new ideological commitments in Jungian therapy and R. D. Laing's seductive metaphysics of madness. When Laing's ideas eventually proved insufficient, she plunged into Sufi mysticism. She is an avatar of the intellectual yearning for belief à la mode.

Yet the book that established Doris Lessing as an influential feminist mentor, *The Golden Notebook* (1962), was informed by aching honesty and a probing intelligence, as she described her disenchantment with communism, her troubles with men, with writer's block, with a world she found difficult to comprehend or accept. Why did this intricate novel become a sacred text of feminism? It is by no means the uplifting morality tale of an emancipated woman struggling toward the light of freedom that so many of its admirers have taken it to be. The heroine, Anna Wulf, is not much better off at the end than she was at the beginning. As Diana Trilling has shrewdly noted, "There is a certain anomaly in taking as a guide to female freedom a book whose ultimate conclusion . . . is that the special problem of what it means to be a woman is an insoluble one." Years after its publication, Lessing insisted—largely to deaf ears—that "this novel was not a trumpet for women's lib. . . . It described many female emotions of aggression, hostility, resentment. It put them into print."

What turned the novel into a book of revelation for feminists was its justification of self-absorption. In the notebooks of different colors kept by Anna Wulf, the self was examined with unblinking intensity from different angles—psychoanalytic, political, sexual, literary—and this extraordinarily detailed concentration on every aspect of the self was embraced as a stepping-stone to liberation. The influence of *The Golden Notebook* derives from its indulgences, its exercises in narcissism. It be-


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atified the minutiae of self-regard, and its form could accommodate every political thought, however wrongheaded, and every failed love affair. It gave the confessional mode the sanctity of moral passion.

LESSING has always seen herself as a rebel. But after *The Golden Notebook*, she began to think on a more grandiose scale than rebellion, and to conceive of herself as a latter-day Cassandra, foreseeing cataclysm and disaster for a corrupt and evil world. She is a restless Seeker of Truth, though the later versions of this quest reveal an extravagance of temperament that must inflate the slightest sign of political and social disorder into apocalyptic premonitions of doom. In those years she became increasingly obsessed with the illuminations of madness and the imminence of holocaust and global catastrophe. As she remarked in 1971, "I am so sure that everything we now take for granted is going to be utterly swept away in the next decade." Toward the end of *The Golden Notebook* she had dramatized, through Anna's tortured involvement with a schizophrenic American, Saul Green, her growing conviction that "breakdown" and "crackup" (invariably enclosed in impatient, denying quotation marks) are "a way of self-healing, of the inner self's dismissing false dichotomies and divisions."

Her certainty that the world is on a course of disaster stemmed, paradoxically, from her new enthusiasm for the Sufist teachings of Idries Shah, a self-appointed heir to the crackpot mysticism of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. Under Shah's tutelage, moving up what William James called the "ladder of faith," Lessing came to believe in a cosmic consciousness that all mankind shares, and a process of cosmic evolution that will raise humanity to higher and higher levels of being. Such mystical visions of a utopian ideal scarcely agreed with her prophecies of nuclear devastation. If mankind is moving inexorably toward a higher consciousness, how could she simultaneously feel sure that mankind is about to blow itself to pieces? It was a contradiction that Lessing never tried to resolve, but then she has never been a notably coherent thinker. Seekers of the Light never are, for the feverish wanderings of the apocalyptic imagination do not leave much energy for rational thought. Lessing in her Sufist devotions increasingly resembled a dotty English prophetess like Annie Besant, who began as a Fabian Socialist, became an exponent of Madame Blavatsky and her occult theosophy, and ended by anointing an Indian mystic, Krishnamurti, as the future Teacher of the World.

More fervently than most intellectuals of our time, Doris Lessing has hungered for a grand design, a panacea that promises release from the tyranny of reason and safe passage into the soothing purity of the unknown. She spelled out this longing in the novels that followed *The Golden Notebook*. In *The Four-Gated City*, which ends in the 1990s with a world in ruins after a nuclear war, Martha Quest looks after a deranged woman whose psychotic ramblings convince Martha that society's definition of sanity is a delusion and a trap for destroying "those people now considered to be in the main line of evolution." She immerses herself in books on telepathy, levitation, second sight, witches and mystics, and becomes a seer. In *Briefing for a Descent Into Hell*, a professor at Cambridge, yet another of Lessing's holy lunatics, is swept away from earth for a celestial briefing by the gods. In an interplanetary conference, they appoint him their emissary, who must warn the misguided residents of earth that they must change their ways or be destroyed. But it is not always possible to know where Lessing's fantasies end and belief, literal belief, takes over.

THIS adventure in space was the sketchiest of rehearsals, it is now clear, for *Canopus in Argos: Archives*, the stupefying and unreadable "space fiction" series, with five volumes to date and perhaps more to come, which Lessing churned out at breakneck speed between 1979 and 1983. The novels are a cosmological circus performance, in science fiction dress, of Lessing's frenetic obsessions and eschatological divagations. Among many other turns, we are given the Last Days of Earth, wars between galactic empires, the coming of a new Ice Age, and UFOs (of course she believes they exist). In the last volume, *Documents Relating to the Sentimental Agents in the Volyen Empire*, she attempts a satire, heavy-handed and platitudinous, of political rhetoric on earth, and finally tosses everything—politics, language, history, "words, words, words"—into the dustbin of meaninglessness. It is all part of cosmic mysteries beyond human control. Science fiction is supposed to be entertaining, but Lessing's glum didacticism is no fun at all. If her admonitory vision of a universe in perpetual conflict and lethal deterioration is an effort to reform the homicidal corruption of earthlings, surely klutzy prose, bizarre names, spurious moral abstractions, and elephantine symbols are not the way to go about it.

ON AND ON she writes: Doris Lessing is not so much a novelist as a torrent. Crashing to earth after her speedy gallop through the galaxies, Lessing has now gone back to the kind of realistic fiction that, as she wrote many years ago,

> springs so vigorously and naturally from a strongly held, though not necessarily intellectually defined, view of life that it absorbs symbolism. . . . The realist novel is the highest form of prose writing.

Unfortunately, these recent books are not the highest form of Lessing. When she submitted the realistic *Diary of a Good Neighbor* and *If the Old Could* to her publisher under a pseudonym, in a stunt to prove that editors are swayed not by literary merit but by names, they were swiftly rejected—and deserved to be. The only parts worth a second glance deal with an impoverished old woman who lives in dreadful squalor. Lessing's description of the filthy, littered rooms would seem to be a domestic version of her hyped-up visions of global destruction, as though the rubble of a nuclear-devastated planet can be anticipated in the decay of an old woman's life. Bad housekeeping enforced by poverty and old age reflects, in small, Lessing's compulsive preoccupation with pollution, nuclear bombs, and the end of the universe—the consequences of bad political and spiritual housekeeping.

In *The Good Terrorist*, she again picks up the bad-housekeeping theme in a story about a group of young revolutionary drifters who take over an abandoned house in North London. With unremitting diligence she itemizes the rubbish choking the garden, the maggoty wreckage within the once elegant rooms, the toilets and kitchens vandalized at the order of local officials to keep squatters out. But the radicals' den mother, Alice Mellings, has a skewed



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genius for bringing order out of chaos, and the "squat" is shipshape in no time. On the other hand, this "all-purpose female drudge" is a pathetic fool and often out of her head. (All of Lessing's women, even in her first novel, *The Grass is Singing*, are either born mad, go mad, or have madness thrust upon them.) She defiles her parents' generosity with vicious obscenities and rocks through the window, is slavishly devoted to a nasty homosexual who has exploited her for years, and bursts into hysterical tears on every other page. Her idea of a really good time is spray-painting defiant slogans on public walls, and being arrested at demos. Most of her squatting comrades, for whom she cooks, cleans, paints, lies, and steals, are a lazy bunch of ungrateful louts, ranting an endless litany about "bringing down the shitty fascist system." When two of the would-be terrorists go to Ireland to offer their services to the IRA, they are dismissed with a sneer as bumbling amateurs. When the group decides to set off a bomb at a grand London hotel, symbol of rotten capitalism, they botch the job, in the process killing one of their own along with innocent bystanders. In the end, Alice, "the poor baby," is about to bare her soul to a British intelligence officer whom she idiotically mistakes for a Russian agent.

DORIS Lessing, as a presence, has been the Modern Woman. But her various explorations of that persona reveal that she cannot settle upon a stable identity, so she remains rootless, not earthbound, with no hobbling ties to community, family, or class. She yearns to be authentic, but *The Good Terrorist* shows how much she still lacks a center of gravity that would allow her to know which persona fits—realist, fabulist, doomsayer, mystic, or perhaps just a disenchanted old radical tired of the dangerous naïveté of the young. Yet these squatters are her children. And all that they can do is squat, in every sense of the word, on the bourgeois world.

The question that finally remains is Lessing's ambiguity of purpose and judgment. When Alice screams at her long-suffering mother that "your world is finished, the day of the selfish bourgeoisie is over. You are doomed," what sounds like an old Lessing refrain cannot, at this point, arouse our sympathy. Does Lessing despise the feckless ter-


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rorists for their mindless rage and immaturity, their knee-jerk raving against "fascist-imperialistic" Britain? Or does she pity them for being so ill-equipped for the tasks of revolution, for being such unserious and unprofessional babies in the struggle for social justice? We don't know; and it is not clear that she does either.

**PEARL K. BELL**

Pearl K. Bell is a writer who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

# THE POET AS VENTRILOQUIST

## The Idiot Princess of the Last Dynasty by Peter Klappert

(Knopf, 240 pp., $15.95, $8.95 paper)

The essence of modernism in poetry and painting is collage, or as Pound put it, "radical juxtaposition without copula." Collage is the principle by which Pound himself assorted his bright particulars, a phrase from Jefferson beside a character crucial to Confucian ethics. *Ulysses* is an extended collage, *The Wasteland* a compressed one, and even *The Sound and the Fury*, which confounds past and present, is a psychological collage.

In recent American poetry, modernist collage has been set aside in favor of other strategies. James Merrill's epic *The Changing Light at Sandover* is a masque in which each member of a large cast of characters speaks in distinctive tones. John Ashbery, deploying a quite different set of structures, has created a new and peculiar voice out of the demotic and hieratic registers of contemporary speech, an unstable compound held together by elaborate syntax. Merrill, in other words, separates out his various competing voices, whereas Ashbery fuses them all into a strange hybrid diction. The poems of each of these masters compose divergent voices, vocabularies, or structures, but they all eschew the abrupt disjunctions of collage.

Peter Klappert can be inserted into this discussion only at an odd angle. In *Lugging Vegetables to Nantucket*, his first book (published in the prestigious Yale Series of Younger Poets), he used a complex *mise en page* to orchestrate several voices in the long, stunning poem "The Babysitters." Typographically and on the level of diction, he distinguished several voices and wove them in and out with remarkable skill.

Now, in his new book, he has chosen a single speaker and assigned him the memory of a replete but dying culture. The speaker is holding court in a Paris café from September 1939 to June 1940. His astonishing range of reference alludes to the Bible, the Dreyfus Affair, World War I, church history, Rilke, Versailles, German children's books, popular nostrums of the period, Byzantium, Nazi propaganda, and more. Typically, the speaker blames change on:

> la Charleston, jitterbuggers,
> the corruptions of jazz and swing.
> Cubism, surreality, psychoanalysis,
> short skirts, arrested flappers, *Ulysses*
> and Gauguin's cane. . .

The speaker is Daniel Mahoney, a real, historic American Irishman from San Francisco who came to France during the Great War and stayed on, supporting himself as a shady doctor and amusing himself with Left Bank lowlife. He appeared in many of the memoirs of the period, but most fully and memorably as "Dr. Matthew-Mighty-grain-of-salt-Dante O'Connor" in Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood*. There he figures as a compassionate if disreputable seer, a great Blarney stone tapped for streams of eloquence, someone who attempts to comfort Nora for the loss of her lover Robin by discoursing on the nature of the night. As he explains:

> So I, doctor Matthew Mighty O'Connor, ask you to think of the night the day long, and of the day the night through, or at some reprieve of the brain it will come upon you heavily—an engine stalling itself upon your chest, halting its wheels against your heart; unless you have made a roadway for it.

*The Idiot Princess* is a poetic homage to a queer prose work, one of the few famous American novels written between the wars that provided an alternative to realism. Moreover, the original text was already close to poetry in its exactitude of language, in the sense that every word was *travaillé*. In his introduction to *Nightwood*, T. S. Eliot observed that "most contemporary novels are not really 'written' " or are written in "a prose which is no more alive than that of a competent newspaper writer or government official," whereas he judged *Nightwood* would appeal "primarily to readers of poetry."

Klappert's Mahoney revives the modernist collage technique but presses all the tesserae into a mosaic designed with great dramatic force and urgency. Mahoney is aware that the imminent Nazi invasion will level what is good in traditional French society as well as expose its hypocrisy, its inherent xenophobia and virulent anti-Semitism (which had already surfaced earlier in the Dreyfus Affair). Indeed, one section of the book, "La Belle Époque," deals with precisely this ultra-right-wing tradition in French politics.

Mahoney, however, is not just a political consciousness. He is also a homosexual, a bounder, a sub-Catholic, a mocker, a sentimentalist, a wit, and a sing-for-his-supper stand-up comedian. He can speak with the moving hurdy-gurdy naïveté of François Villon, as in the prayer "Minimal Mahoney, in His Cups" ("I am weary of the sun's loud voice,/which sears even the timid mosses/in their hermitage/and draws the color from old boards").

At times the pure, hard, elegiac diction of Pound can be overheard (". . . the air/standing silent on marble tables"). Best of all, perhaps, is the blarney. Like Yeats's Mrs. Mary Moore, Mahoney "puts a skin" on everything he says. Mahoney's "Nobody feels good these days./It's the mortality that does it" could only be said with a Dublin accent, which is equally true of this invocation:

> Sweet Merciful
> Father of the cricket
> in the pond, of the field mouse warm in
> the hinge of the snake
> and the thrush against the windscreen. . . .

To die is to be "measured for wooden pyjamas." One short lyric ends with



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an injunction right out of *Malone*: "If innocent/beat until conscious." Safe sex is "a gooseberry lay," and a death in the trenches occurs "when all his two fine eyes exploded" (the poetry is all in the "all"). Equally Irish is the blasphemy: "Paul-Antoine/(who has the face of a Christ with the clap)." In the manner of Beckett, every jingle, no matter how Irish, can equally easily be expressed in French:

"If 'ifs' and 'buts' were pots and pans
There'd be no need for tinker's hands"

*—avec des "si" et des "mais"*
*on mettrait Paris dans une bouteille!*

Dr. Mahoney, "physician/in attendance on the night," is also a tearoom cruiser, a part-time drag *artiste*, and the humor of the eternal queen blazes forth with hellfire fulgurations in a set piece called "Another Merry Widow." Mahoney calls a rival queen "a pavement tragedy" who "had on a paralytic fit/(or was it a dirndl?) in two tints/that swore at each other. . . ." Dr. Mahoney (I almost wrote "Dr. Benway," for one old abortionist recalls the other) swears:

"Lucy," I said,
"you can go to la Place de la Bastille
and hold up your head
by its hair
and tell them *Justice is done*!"

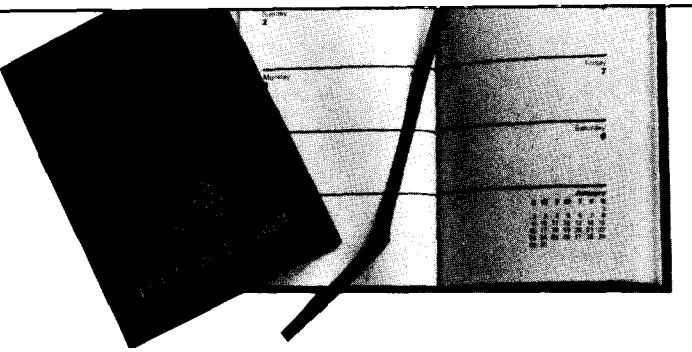
A moment later this camp humor is derailed by a feathery touch of dread:

and the unexpected pounces
with both its knuckles brassed. . . .

Klappert has written a dirge for a dying era, and he has composed it in the very language of that culture. Among other things, *The Idiot Princess of the Last Dynasty* is a consummate piece of ventriloquism. Only Thomas Pynchon in *Gravity's Rainbow* has reproduced with the same authenticity the European slang, politics, popular entertainment, brand names, hopes, and anxieties of this World War II epoch. That Klappert was only three years old when the war ended merely serves to heighten the miraculous nature of his recuperation of this vanished world. Not only has his ambition been vast but his achievement has also been distinguished. *The Idiot Princess* is a final and original expression of the very modernism the war brought to an end.

**EDMUND WHITE**

Edmund White's new novel, *Caracole*, has just been published by Dutton.

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## Dead Letters

*for Lormina Paradise Salter*
*1924-1983*

I.

*Dear Mrs. Salter: Congratulations! You*
(no need to read on—yet I always do)
*may have won the sweepstakes, if you'll send . . .*
Is this how it must end?
Or will it never end? The bills, all paid,
come monthly anyway, to cheer the dead.
*BALANCE*: a decimal and double o's
like pennies no one placed upon your eyes.
I never saw you dead—you simply vanished,
your body gone to Science, as you wished:
I was the one to send you there, by phone,
on that stunned morning answering the young,
blunt nurse who'd called, wanting to "clear the room."
"Take her," I said, "I won't be coming in"—
couldn't bear to see your cherished face with more
death in it than was there five days before.
But now, where are you really? From the mail
today, it seems, you might almost be well:
*Dear Patient: It's been three years since your eyes*
*were checked . . .* A host of worthy causes vies
for your attention: endangered wildlife funds,
orphans with empty bowls in outstretched hands,
political prisoners, Congressmen. The *LAST*
*ISSUE*s of magazines are never last.
And now you've shored up on some realtors' list,
since word went out you've "moved" to my address:
*Dear New Apartment Owner: If you rent . . .*
Mother, in daydreams sometimes I am sent
to follow you, my own forwarding text
*Dear Mrs. Salter's Daughter: You are next.*

II.

When I try to concentrate
on who you were,
images of you blur
and pulsate, like the clothes
left in your closet—

every size from four to fourteen,
not progressively,
but back and forth again:
testaments to Treatment
after Treatment.

Injected, radiated,
bloated, balded, nauseated;
years in an iron wig that ill
fit or befitted you;
then more years, unexpected,
of a cobweb gray you grew
in thanks to covet—
lurching from reprieve to reprieve,
you taught yourself to live
with less and less,

and so did we—
even, at last, without the giddy
vastness of your love,
so painfully withdrawn when pain
became all you could think of.

Trying not to feel
that nothing, not even love
or death, is original,
like other mourners I've
turned up happy photographs—

of the ruby-lipsticked girl
(in black-and-white, but I can tell)
of your wedding day; or here, a scene
in a hallway I'd hardly know was ours
but for that gilt barometer.

Had I lost that about you?
Your regal touch—china in green
and gold; silk Oriental dresses?
. . . Days that made you queen
of nothing but your high-backed bed

convinced you
you'd been singled out to die.
Yet here you are,
a smiling hostess at the door
bidding your friends good-bye:

What blessedness!
to think that once
you hadn't had to be the focus,
could go on living unpitied,
even unnoticed.

III.

Dinner in Boston. I am twenty-three,
and you have come to see
your grown-up daughter in her element.
My choice is cheap and almost elegant:
crepes and spinach salad, a carafe
of chilled house wine we laugh

companionably over. My mind drifts
back to well-set tables shared at home—
those animated dinners you would chair
(the Salter Seminars, my boyfriend called them)
where I learned to admire
the complex givens of your gifts



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for life. Accomplished cook,
stickler for decorum, you like to shock
us with the heedless, vocal sweep
of your opinions—on the Catholic Church
(you hate it, so you think—hate it so much
you'll find a slow way back);

the saintliness of Adlai; Armageddon.
(Once, you greeted me from school with news
the Chinese had invaded us: a thrill
that never found its way to print,
but you shrugged off my complaint:
"If they haven't done it yet, you know they will.")

Tonight, Newbury Street—
scene of my happy lunch hours, of the young
executives with ice cream cones
dripping down their hands, bright students in new jeans—
outside our window takes, as night sifts down,
that memorializing cast of light

you seem to shed on things, all by yourself.
Even when all is well (the illness
more under control than less,
you're devoting all your time to sculpture
bigger than you are—filling every shelf
in the garage!) I still recapture

moments before they're over.
*She loved me so that when I praised her shirt*
*she took it off her back*, or
*We drank four cups of tea apiece* . . . Alert
always to what perishes, I invert
your low, confiding chuckle now and pour

its darkness like a stain across our table.
"Can you remember Grandma's laugh? I can't,"
I interrupt, and having voiced the fear,
immediately am able:
it sounded like a baby's xylophone,
thrown down a flight of stairs.

Who could have forgotten *that*?
I laugh myself—but now I've spoiled
the mood, or turned it oversweet,
and you reach into your magic purse
for a snapshot of your mother. "Here, it's yours."
Touched by how soon my eyes have filled

with tears—how easy it has been
to give a pleasing answer—
you seem relieved to put to death
a momentary fright not only mine.
Now, your own forever-
unrecorded voice stopped short by cancer,

I still find myself asking: dear
as she was, didn't you know
it's you who I was crying for?

IV.

We're on our way to the hospital
for the twenty-thousandth time.
You used to drive—then I;
lately, we've piled into a taxi.
Each week a new man takes the rap
for bumps and jolts; if not for him
(you imply) we'd have a pleasant trip.
Shrunken and old, collapsible,
head in my lap, you start up in alarm:
"Mary Jo—I think I'm ill."

Forgive me that I laughed!
It's too late to apologize;
but that you could find it in you still
to register surprise—
that *you'd* hope to be well . . .
It kept you alive, of course,
those years of asking visitors
"Are your ears ringing?" as if there might
be found someday a blanket cause
for pains that kept you up all night.

V.

If you could see your daughter, no green thumb,
tending the philodendron
you sent me when my baby girl was born!
If you could see my daughter: that refrain
twists like a crimping weed, a vine of pain
around the joy of everything she learns.

And yet it intertwines
forever, I perceive, your life and mine.
From time to time, a heart-shaped leaf will turn
yellow and fall—in falling a leaf torn
out of your life again,
the story I must constantly revive.

I water it and live;
water and wait for other plants to bloom.
I took them from your room
nearly a year ago now, poinsettias
of that wizened, stricken Christmas
you floated through five days before the end.

One's inky-red; the other paper-white . . .
you too were one to note
life's artful correspondences.
But I can't let them go,
not yet; and granted time to tend
a growing tenderness, I send

more letters, Mother—these despite
the answers you can't write.

**Mary Jo Salter**



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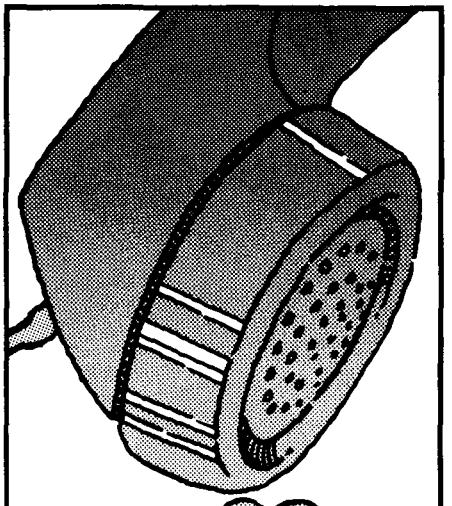

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# THE BATTLE OF BELIEFS

## Trial and Error: The American Legal Controversy Over Creation and Evolution
## by Edward Larson

(Oxford University Press, 232 pp., $17.95)

Few intellectual issues have proved to be so persistently combustible as the conflict between Darwinism and Genesis. The matter has always been magnified by what is at stake: not only humanity's sense of itself and its place in the universe but the location in society of moral and cultural authority. Genesis exalts religion and the church; Darwinism exalts secularism and the academy. Both parties to the conflict have recognized that critical to its outcome is the battle for the minds of the young, and their passionate dispute has produced a long history in the United States of legislative and legal action over the teaching of evolution and creationism in the public schools.

In this absorbing and well-researched book, Edward Larson, a practicing attorney in Seattle, Washington, who holds a Ph.D. in the history of science, analyzes that history with clarity and control. He ably illuminates the legal and constitutional issues that the controversy has raised, yet he is admirably aware that what transpires in state houses and law courts usually reflects larger social forces. In his view, the legal proceedings teach a lesson: what the law has permitted in the schools is not so much what reliable scientific authority happens to have held but what public opinion about science, at least as legislators and even judges have seen it, has allowed.

Through the late 19th century and well into the 20th, public opinion allowed a good deal. Evolution was taught in American high schools, and taught without controversy. An examination of late 19th- and early 20th-century life-science textbooks, Mr. Larson reports, reveals that at first they presented Darwinism with a theistic flavor, holding that God worked through evolution; then they came to omit God altogether. In the years before World War I, the standard treatments had it that even man himself was the product of an evolutionary process. But what was acceptable in the high school curriculum in 1900 became, by the 1920s, unacceptable to many Americans, particularly evangelical Protestants.

Mr. Larson deals with these dissidents in an evenhanded fashion, following recent historians of fundamentalism in stressing that their opposition to evolution rested not on a hellfire anti-intellectualism but on a genuine distress with what they took to be the social ramifications of Darwinian teachings. In 1921 William Jennings Bryan—in two speeches printed and distributed by the thousands—attacked Darwinian theories of human origins on grounds that by glorifying the struggle for survival they justified war; by insisting upon a jugular competitiveness, they encouraged the rapaciousness of modern industrial society; and by making man himself the result of a material process, they undercut his status as a spiritual creature of God's interest. Bryan could not, of course, hope to outlaw Darwinism from public discourse, but the high school curriculum was in reach of legislative action. Control of the curricular arena seemed essential, since by 1920 almost two million students were attending high school, a tenfold increase from 1890, and all were at risk for their spiritual and moral development in schools where human evolution was taught.

Like Bryan himself, many of his leading allies in the anti-evolution campaign had been evangelical social reformers before the war, with a particular concern for the issues of child labor and Prohibition. In a sense, Mr. Larson suggests, the crusade against the teaching of evolution was Bryanite progressivism carried into the 1920s. Yet such an interpretation is undercut by much of the evidence he provides. The predominant concern of the crusaders seemed to be the religious rather than the social implications of Darwinism. A Tennessee state senator typically remarked, "We do not ask that Christianity be taught in the schools, but we do ask that nothing contrary to that belief be



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taught." The crusaders did not appear to inquire into other areas of the curriculum that might have promoted jingoism or acquiescence in economic exploitation. What they sought was a neutral silence in the schools on the conflict between Darwinism and Genesis.

DURING the 1920s, bills to prohibit the teaching of evolution were introduced in the legislatures of some 20 states. It is a major strength of Mr. Larson's book that he has examined whatever materials he could find pertaining to these bills, including pertinent legislative records, voting patterns, and newspaper accounts. Unlike the pro-creationist legislation of recent decades, these legislative initiatives, he points out, did not for the most part dissent from the teaching of evolution as such but only from portraying man as the product of evolution, too. By mid-decade, such measures had been enacted in three states, including Tennessee, where the passage of the law in March 1925 set the stage for the famous trial in Dayton that pitted Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone—the counsel provided John T. Scopes by the American Civil Liberties Union—against the state prosecutors and William Jennings Bryan, who joined the proceedings at the behest of the World Christian Fundamentals Association.

Mr. Larson illuminates these much-assessed proceedings with a lawyer's appreciation of legal nuances. The Tennessee prosecutors shrewdly chose to argue the case against Scopes on the narrow ground that the legislature had the right to determine what was taught in the state's public schools. The judge persistently ruled out of order all attempts by Darrow and Malone to widen the issue in the presence of the jury to the comparative merits of Darwinism and the literal Genesis. Nevertheless, in a brilliant stroke, Darrow called Bryan to the stand on a technical point of law and, with the jury—though not the press—removed from the courtroom, he relentlessly grilled him on the logic and consistency of the biblical account of creation. An army of reporters promptly told the world how Darrow had demonstrated that a literal reading of Genesis was simply unacceptable to anyone of honest and normal intellect.

But while observers then and later hailed the Scopes trial as a major victory for evolution in the court of public opinion, Mr. Larson reminds us that the teaching of Darwinism lost in the courts of law. Scopes, who readily conceded that he had violated the anti-evolution statute, was convicted. Darrow appealed on his behalf to the Tennessee Supreme Court, which upheld the right of the state to proscribe the teaching of even valid scientific theories if popular opinion favored the proscription. At the same time, the Court overturned Scopes's conviction on a technicality, thus preventing the ACLU from taking the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. Thus, the Tennessee law remained on the books and in good constitutional standing. In short order, anti-evolution measures passed the legislatures of Arkansas and Mississippi and were to be found on the books of most Southern states at the end of the 1920s.

To be sure, the laws were not rigorously enforced, and in 1932 the ACLU announced that it would no longer litigate against them. But the victory in the court of public opinion was only a victory of sorts. Mr. Larson marshals telling evidence that anti-evolutionism, though remaining strong only in the South, worked a chilling effect on the content of high school biology textbooks that were used nationwide. In many texts, pages dealing with evolution were reduced in number or dropped, and the evolution of man as a subject tended to disappear. In 1930 it was estimated that 70 percent of public high schools neglected to teach evolution, a bowdlerization of the curriculum that continued into the 1950s. Typifying the trend were the progressive changes in the content of Truman Moon's popular *Biology for Beginners*, which in its first edition, published in 1921, carried a frontispiece picture of Darwin, stressed that the idea of evolution was fundamental to biology, and declared the common evolutionary origin of apes and man. In the 1926 edition Darwin's picture was gone, and by the 1950s, when Moon's text dominated the market, so even was the word "evolution."

What amounted to a 30-year truce in the war over the teaching of evolution ended in the early 1960s when, in the wake of Sputnik, a new generation of high school biology texts, upgraded in quality and including material on evolution, captured virtually the whole of the secondary school market. In response, advocates of divine creation once again turned to legislatures and courts to beat


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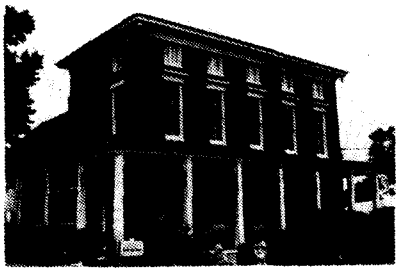
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back the pro-evolutionary tide. However, as Mr. Larson stresses, by the 1960s the legal situation affecting the issue differed sharply from that at the time of the Scopes trial. For beginning in the 1940s and using the 14th Amendment, the U.S. Supreme Court had extended to the states the First Amendment's strictures against the establishment of religion and the prevention of its free exercise.

The extension strongly shaped the outcome in a case that proved to be of key importance in litigation of the renewed evolutionary textbook controversy. In the spring of 1965, in Arkansas, a committee of schoolteachers selected one of the new-generation biology texts for adoption, and in September a member of the committee, Susan Epperson, filed suit requesting a declaratory judgment that the state's anti-evolution law was unconstitutional. The state trial judge ruled in Epperson's favor, referring to various undefined constitutional rights that had been extended to the states since the Scopes trial. Early in 1968, after the trial court's ruling had been reversed by the Arkansas high court, the Epperson case reached the U.S. Supreme Court. The American Civil Liberties Union, joined by the American Jewish Congress, argued for Epperson that the Arkansas statute unconstitutionally established religion because it had no other purpose than to aid and protect those sects adhering to a literal interpretation of Genesis. The Court agreed and in a unanimous opinion written by Justice Abe Fortas—a native of Tennessee—struck down the Arkansas law.

ANTI-EVOLUTIONISTS, Mr. Larson points out, also attempted to exploit the change in the state of legal affairs by arguing that the compulsory exposure of their children to the teaching of evolution violated their right freely to maintain a belief in the literal Bible. The courts rejected all such challenges, holding that science teachers could hardly be expected to avoid exposing students to ideas that might conflict with the tenets of a particular religion. Unable to prevent the teaching of evolution on grounds that religion deserved protection from it, creationists armed themselves with the analyses of the Institute for Creation Research and claimed that their theory of origins merited equal treatment in high school science as a legitimate "scientific" alternative to Darwinian theory. However, although laws awarding creationism equal time were passed in Arkansas and Louisiana, they were struck down in the courts in 1982 and 1985 respectively. Creationism, the courts held, was not science but religious apologetics in scientific getup, and laws mandating that it be taught added up to an unconstitutional establishment of religion.

LARSON predicts that the creation-evolution controversy will continue because it draws upon social forces that lie far beyond the reach of the courts. He does not explore the social sources of the contemporary anti-evolutionist impulse, though one might speculate that they are to be found in the fearful concern of many parents that, in the absence of religious authority, their children will be morally unequipped to cope with the sex, drugs, and myriad other temptations that seem to symbolize social disintegration. Whatever energizes them, the forces are unquestionably persistent. On the basis of a close analysis of voting patterns in the creationist legislative efforts of recent decades, Larson concludes that the principal political support for anti-evolutionism has shifted from rural Democrats to suburban Republicans—a group whose numbers seem to be rapidly increasing. And what occurred in the courts in recent years, he notes, was only the tip of a pro-creationist iceberg that produced restrictions on evolutionary teaching or the promotion of creationist instruction "in a multitude of legal and extralegal ways."

The ultimate influence of the creationist movement will no doubt depend upon how the courts continue to respond to it. Mr. Larson argues that the pro-evolutionary legal shift since the Epperson case reflects a perception on the bench that the public holds the theory of evolution to be reasonably correct scientifically. One might question the soundness and stability of the perception, given that a 1979 Gallup Poll reported that half the adults in the United States believed the human race started with God's creation of Adam and Eve.

More important, the exclusion of creationism from the schools has seemed to hinge far less on what the public thinks about the validity of evolution than on the conviction held in major sectors of both bench and society that the separation of church and state



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in the schools should be maintained uncompromisingly across a front that extends far beyond the issue of biological origins. Since initial extension of First Amendment protections to the states in the 1940s, a bulwark of precedents has been established to prevent the religious invasion of the schools. One likes to think that the bulwark is thick enough now to withstand whatever assault creationists or anti-evolutionists may mount. Still, there is sufficient evidence in Mr. Larson's thoughtful and arresting book to suggest—by way of a corollary to Mr. Dooley's apothegm of long ago—that judges follow not only the election returns but the religious and cultural ones, too. One can hardly be serenely confident about the bulwark in the current era of militant—and socially committed—religious revival.

DANIEL J. KEVLES

Daniel J. Kevles is the author most recently of *In the Name of Eugenics: Genetics and the Uses of Human Heredity* (Knopf).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

again. The cumulative affect can be crippling. I know one woman, in her 60s, who attends Mass every day, sometimes twice on Sundays, in repentance for a single youthful indiscretion committed 40 years ago.

Guilt is about acts. Shame is about attitude: no act, no assertion, is necessary.

HELIO FRED GARCIA
*New York, New York*

*To the editors:*

Amen—to Thomas Geoghegan's lively treatise on some currents in Catholic practice. Now, if he thinks he's perceived as swimming against the tide, he should experience what life is like for a convert to Catholicism. At least he can always fall back on the excuse that he was raised that way. Not us. We dangle on the edge of acceptability with nary a reason to explain our bizarre behavior. We have no memories to sustain our present commitment, no nostalgia to soften the landscape of the strange terrain we have elected to inhabit. For us, instead, is reserved the unique thrill of knowing that there is simply nowhere else we would want to be. Heaven help us, though, it does get lonely sometimes.

HARRIETTE SIANI
*New York, New York*

## SPECTER OF ACHIEVEMENT

*To the editors:*

Your recent article on Senator Arlen Specter ("On the Hill: Media Specter" by Murray Waas, September 30) compliments him for focusing media attention on important national problems, but misses his *objective* to achieve substantive reforms and his *effectiveness* in getting results.

His Judiciary Subcommittee hearings that invited the John Hinckley jurors successfully brought out the reasons for Hinckley's acquittal. Those hearings made a major contribution to the change in federal law that puts the burden of proof on the defendant in determining insanity.

Judged by legislative results, Senator Specter's hearings were very productive—especially compared to cost-effectiveness ratios of other congressional hearings.

The media is to be complimented for covering Senator Specter so extensively and so is Senator Specter.

DANIEL J. MCKENNA
*Press Secretary to Senator Arlen Specter*

P.S. Perhaps his press secretary should be complimented, too.

## OFF-BASE INTELLECTUALS

*To the editors:*

I am one of the most intelligent men of the 20th century. I also play baseball. I love baseball. It loves me. And we hated Michael Hirschorn's article "Egg-heads Strike Out" (September 9).

It's anti-intellectual attitudes like his that have forced the likes of Reggie Jackson, Pete Rose, and Billy Martin to keep their membership in Mensa one of the most closely guarded secrets of the postwar era. Fearful of a public anti-egghead backlash, many other major leaguers have to seek the refuge of the "closet" in order to pursue their cerebral interests. To end the mental torment, some ball players turn to the solace of snow and become uncontrollable coke fiends. Thanks a lot, Mr. Hirschorn.

MARTIN S. MILLER
*Venice, California*

## ARE QUOTAS UNJUST?

*To the editors:*

Charles Krauthammer admits racial quotas are unjust but justifies them on

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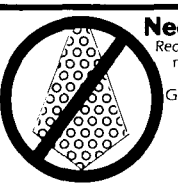
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balance as sound social policy ("A Defense of Quotas," September 16&23). His analogy is a recession that unjustly and disproportionately harms the poor but might yet be necessary economic policy.

The analogy is a bad one because it confuses the deprivation of fundamental rights of citizenship with any and all unfairness. There is a reason we have laws against racial discrimination and against inequalities of wealth. In a liberal democracy, citizenship guarantees the natural rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit—not the attainment—of happiness. Hence racial discrimination such as quotas legally deprives individuals of their basic standing in the polity, that very citizenship that Krauthammer rightly notes is all we come with to the hiring place. To intervene here is not merely to affect the ordinary course of politics, where someone's ox is always being gored, but to intervene into that basic level of agreement that establishes the rules of ordinary politics and makes ordinary democratic politics possible.

FRED BAUMANN
*Department of Political Science*
*Kenyon College*
*Gambier, Ohio*

## GRAB THE MESSENGER

*To the editors:*

Michael Massing seems somewhat downcast at the appointment of Vernon A. Walters as ambassador to the United Nations ("America's Top Messenger Boy," September 16&23). It is, we are told, "an unfortunate message to send to the world."

Really, now! "Fluent in *seven* languages"? Of how many of our previous U.N. ambassadors could this be said? "A master diplomat" making our case with "affability and fluency"—not so bad. Any more of these "messenger boys" out there? Quick! Grab 'em!

EDWARD K. NOLAN
*Brooklyn, New York*

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

**TRB**, *from page 4*

Means reducing the personal exemption so that various costly deductions can be restored.

Third, one great appeal of tax reform is simplicity. But compromise tends to make the code even more complicated than it was to start with. Eliminating the state and local deduction, for example, would knock one line off the form. Under Rostenkowski's compromise, by contrast, as explained in a Ways and Means release, "individuals would be permitted a deduction equal to the greater of $1,000 ($500 for unmarried taxpayers) or the portion in excess of five percent of the individual's adjusted gross income." How many lines will that take?

Finally, compromise usually doesn't even bring opponents back on board. The oil and gas people still oppose reform, and so does the insurance industry. Why? Partly because compromise has just whetted their appetites. They've gotten back most of their current breaks, and now they want the rest. But there's also something else.

The dirty little secret of businesses and other activities that get favorable tax treatment is that they don't depend just on their own breaks. They depend on high tax rates for everyone else. This means they are threatened by tax reform whether or not their own loopholes are affected. For example, an oil producer explained to me recently that he'll have trouble raising money for drilling costs if reform goes through, because the special tax breaks he offers won't be as valuable when tax rates go down. (I told him he'll just have to compete for capital on the free market like anyone else. But apparently his love of capitalism doesn't run that deep.)

The oil industry isn't unique. The restored tax advantage for life insurance won't be as big a competitive advantage if other investment options face lower tax rates. Puerto Rico's special tax status, also restored by Rostenkowski, isn't as valuable if taxes on the mainland aren't as high. Colleges and other charities are concerned about proposed limits on the charitable deduction, but they're even more concerned that lower tax rates increase the "net cost" of charitable contributions. Whether they admit it or not, most of those lobbying against the present reform proposals actually like the tax code just the way it is. No buts about it.



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# WASHINGTON DIARIST

## *Strung Out*

**MRS. REAGAN**, where are you when we really need you? Use of a drug called propranolol is on the rise, according to a recent article in *The Wall Street Journal*. Last year Inderal (propranolol's brand name) was prescribed more often than any other drug in the country. Mostly it's used to treat migraine headaches, high blood pressure, and other related problems. But increasingly it's catching on as the cure for stage fright. Miraculously, it stops hearts from pounding, lungs from gasping, hands from trembling, faces from flushing, bodies from sweating—all without slowing down judgment, fouling up coordination, or causing addiction. (A few have remarked that it sometimes makes the mouth a little dry.) Actors, musicians, and other performers are swallowing five or ten milligrams to steel themselves for the stage. Nervous public speakers have discovered the drug, too, and the popularity of propranolol is sure to rise. It's the chic cure for shyness. But apparently nobody has considered the social side effects of the drug, which seem to me quite serious. One thing the world does not suffer from is an excess of shyness. There is, in fact, a glut of false shyness—which makes propranolol all the more dangerous. Just about everybody thinks he or she is shy. Ask even the boldest, most sociable people you know. They'll confess with a becoming blush (though their hearts won't be pounding at all) that, yes, they have a bashful streak. Think what will happen when they, never mind the truly shy, find out about a drug that will make them poised to perform before thousands. It's painful to contemplate the ensuing roar and press of confidence. If Mrs. Reagan can intercede and at least warn America's youth about this drug, she will bequeath an important legacy. Her speechwriters might turn to Harold Nicolson, who knew the value of shyness. "Let us educate the younger generation to be shy in and out of season," he advised in his essay "In Defense of Shyness," "to edge behind the furniture: to say spasmodic and ill-digested things: to twist their feet round those protective feet of sofas and armchairs; to feel that their hands belong to someone else—that they are objects, which they long to put down on some table away from themselves. For shyness is the protective fluid within which our personalities are able to develop into natural shapes. Without this fluid the character becomes merely standardized or imitative: it is within the tender velvet sheath of shyness that the full flower of idiosyncrasy is nurtured: it is from this sheath alone that it can eventually unfold itself, coloured and undamaged. Let the shy understand . . . how intolerable are those of their contemporaries who are not also shy."

**PUBLISHERS** certainly aren't shy when it comes to pushing their product. For TNR's literary department, their boldness is standard fare. By now we stifle yawns at all the adjectival agitation—even at the book catalog entry that proclaims "the most exquisite Bar Mitzvah gift book ever conceived." But I am a little embarrassed by the latest trend: the B-word seems to be creeping onto the covers of respectable books. I'm not thinking of average paperbacks, which are almost always plastered with book review blurbs. I don't mean the backs of books either, where an author's friends write paragraphs of praise. I'm thinking of the front covers of serious books from the best publishers, where a catchy title and an eminent author's name sometimes don't seem to be sufficient selling points anymore. The otherwise tasteful jacket of *Gossip*, a literary study by Patricia Meyer Spacks, a professor of English at Yale University (and a fine critic), is blemished by a prominent block of text. It starts off as a matter-of-fact subtitle: "A celebration and defense of the art of 'idle talk.' " But it continues: "a brilliant exploration of its role in literature (novels, memoirs, letters, journals) as well as in life." The front cover of Jay McInerney's new novel, *Ransom*, sports the word in even bigger type: "The brilliant new novel by the author of the national bestseller *Bright Lights, Big City*." You're not supposed to ask who says the books are so b--------. The jackets are now like those boxes that proclaim "NEW! improved Tide with added brighteners." But this language wears out fast. When the power of the B-word wanes, where will the copywriters turn? "NOW! advanced formula"?

**PRE-SUMMIT FEVER IS RISING.** The press is faithfully charting all the vital, and not so vital, signs as the president's November meeting with Gorbachev approaches. A friend in the government confirms that as the weeks progress there's no end to the talking points, briefing papers, memos, videos, proposals, themes, outlines, speeches, small meetings, large meetings, short meetings, long meetings, minor meetings, major meetings. By now those ideas that first floated in small offices have been obsessively poked and prodded in the great petri dish of power and are madly sprouting fuzz. Briefing the president becomes "fine-tuning" him with 25 "foundation" papers, devising policy gives way to "managing perceptions," one argument is reduced to a batch of "buzzwords." It seems the only thing nobody has inventoried yet is the White House supply of propranolol. Now, stage fright has never been a liability of the Reagan administration's show-biz professionals. But it sounds as though the staff should promptly start inputting some sedatives.

**WHILE THE ADMINISTRATION** is busy planning full-dress rehearsals for November, others are already doing some negotiating of their own. *The New York Times* reported that American public television executives and Soviet broadcasting authorities recently announced an agreement "in principle" to swap TV shows starting next year—pending further negotiations and numerous clarifications. I'm afraid that some misunderstanding may have already occurred. Among the first programs the Soviets look forward to beaming to the Russian people under the agreement is a show called "Here Come the Puppets." What do they think it's about, the Warsaw Pact?

**A.H.**



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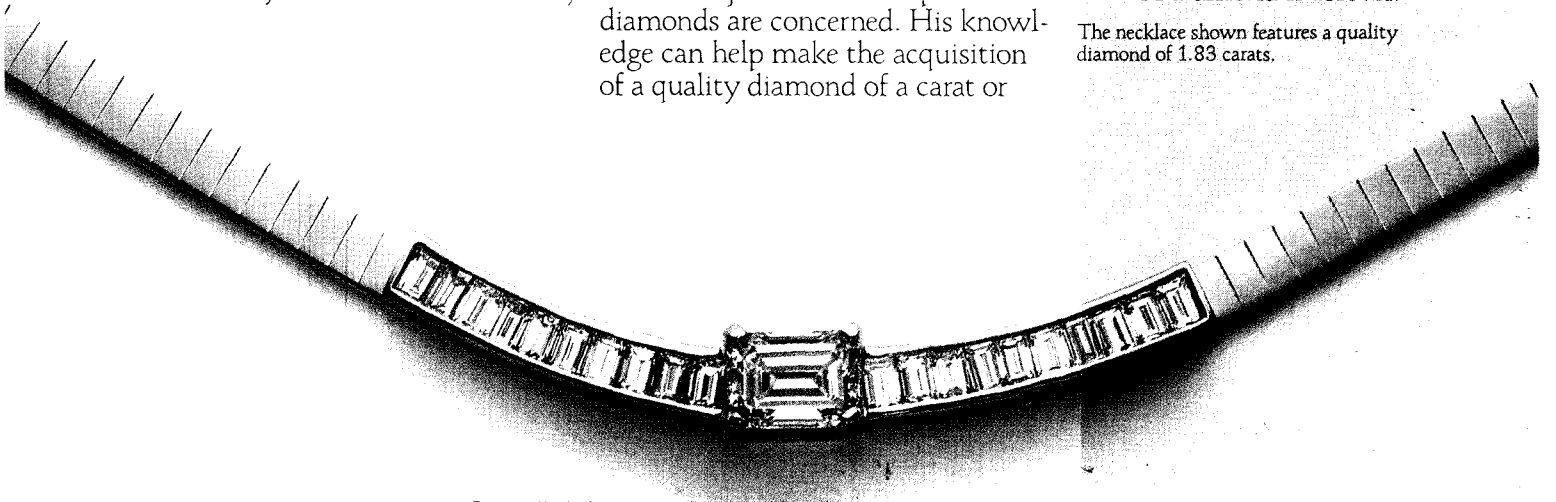

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